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52, Gower Street,



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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RAILWAYS AND . . . AGRICULTURE.

MR. E. A. PRATT, who has been conducting some investigations for the *Times* newspaper in regard to the organisation of agriculture, has republished the articles under this heading with Mr. John Murray. It is somewhat of a misnomer, because the writer's attention has been to such a large extent concentrated on the railway problem, that in other departments he scarcely shows the mastery of the facts which we have a right to expect from a prominent contributor to our leading newspaper. The story, for instance, of co-operation in Denmark has frequently been told before, and really conveys very little useful guidance to the English farmer. It would be the greatest mistake on the part of our agriculturists to attempt to compete with foreign nations in the manufacture of butter, because they have at their elbow the best market in the world for milk, and, to put the matter in the crudest possible form, butter would yield them about fourpence a gallon for their milk, while they can obtain at the present moment about eightpence-halfpenny for it for household use; and when they dispose of the article direct they save the expense of manufacturing it into butter, and also the worry and trouble attaching to a system of credit. Every farmer knows that the milk trade has the great advantage

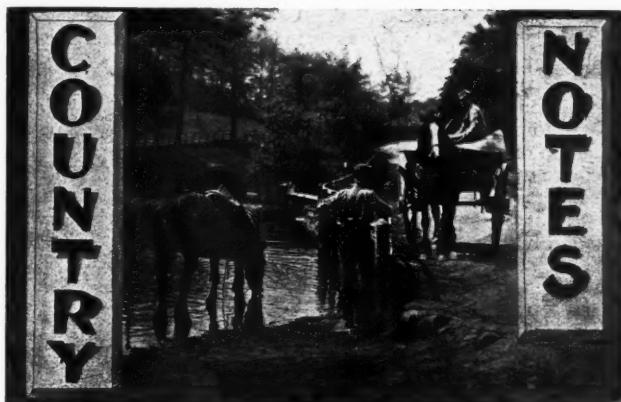
of being a ready-money business. Thus the long story about Denmark is not at all pertinent to the organisation of English agriculture; and, again, the writer seems to have omitted to take notice of one cardinal fact in the situation, which is that proportionately Great Britain has fewer small holdings than any other country in Europe, and systems which answer excellently to Denmark or parts of France will not work at all in this country. This applies most particularly to the question of eggs. It is very common for writers who have only an elementary knowledge of the facts to blame the English farmer because such vast quantities of eggs are sent in from abroad, since they say he might as well keep poultry himself and put the money in his pocket. But in reality the reason why he does not do so is simply because he is too well off. The wretched peasants in many of the continental countries are very glad to turn a penny by any means whatsoever, and will take an infinite deal of trouble in order to gain a return that our farm labourers would not look at. Egg production where it is done on a large scale must be in the hands of small holders only. Poultry farming has never yet succeeded anywhere, and though the farmer's wife may easily make enough out of it to get herself a new dress at Easter, it does not hold sufficient possibilities to tempt a man to embark all his capital and give all his labour to it.

It is well worth considering that, after all, land in England is of more value than in almost any other part of the world, and if we look at this fact from the view of a political economist, we are obliged to come to the conclusion that it obtains a high price, chiefly because it is profitable. The law of demand and supply is bound to assert itself, and if the farmers could not obtain a profit from the land, they would not continue to pay rent for it. Those who speak of the depression as though it were as bad as it was from 1879 to 1894 will be well advised to go and attempt to buy land in England for an old song. They will soon discover that it once more commands a high value, and anyone who makes a peregrination through the English counties will find that at the present moment there is less land in hand and fewer farms wanting a tenant, than has been the case for a long time back. But our writer has lost sight of the chief fact that has been instrumental in bringing prosperity back to English land. It has not been by marketing, or poultry raising, or any of the devices to which he alludes, but chiefly by substituting stock for cereals as the stand-by of the farmer. England has been called the stud farm of the world, and both tenants and owners for a long time past have found that the most profitable form of husbandry is that of raising pedigree livestock and selling it either on the Continent or to the Colonies. We do not know that any question of organisation has much to do with this. England's position has been made in almost every department of home activity by individual enterprise, and State interference has not on any previous occasion brought prosperity to a single class. The breeding and rearing of livestock is precisely one of those branches of the calling that depend on a man's individual judgment and enterprise and business ability, though we are far indeed from saying that even here combination is not useful. On the contrary, it has acted very well in many districts. Farmers have co-operated for the purchase of food-stuffs, and at least in one market they have done so for the purposes of sale, while in a vastly increased number of districts they have found it of benefit to have the best stallions of the day at command, instead of sending their mares to any weedy screw that happened to be travelling in the district. The various horse associations are undoubtedly improving to an immense degree the farmstock of the country; but the art of breeding a winner, which, after all, is the short way to selling a winner, is a matter for the individual only.

In regard to the question of railways, though Mr. Pratt seems to hold a brief for the companies, we consider that he takes the common-sense view of the subject, and certainly the companies require the justice done them of admitting that, wherever possible, they have met the demands of the farmers. Some of them have taken a great deal of trouble to develop the agricultural resources of various districts, and it is very unfair for the farmer to expect that a railway company is going to lift a casual hundredweight of goods, and carry and deliver it at the same rate as it would charge for dealing with thousands of tons. The expenses are quite incommensurate. Before the farmer has a right to expect a very low tariff from the railway companies, he ought to be in a position to guarantee to them regular and fairly bulky traffic. That is a matter of business, pure and simple, and nineteen-twentieths of the cases got up and placed before the public are made plausible only by ignoring this casual nature of the traffic.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Gladys Palmer, who is to be married in June to Mr. Bertram Brook. Miss Palmer is the daughter of Mr. Walter Palmer, who has been Member for Salisbury since 1900.



NO question is engaging more attention at the present moment than the future of Russia. So deeply rooted was the faith in the greatness and expansiveness of the Muscovite Empire, that even in its hour of humiliation and defeat the unprejudiced student cannot get himself to believe in its ultimate failure. Nations, like individuals, have their time to go to pieces. They ripe and ripe and then they rot and rot, but as long as a population is growing and a country is extending its borders and progressing, the time for disruption has not yet come. Russia has often been spoken of as a Colossus, and it is incredible that even the blows delivered by its energetic and intelligent enemy can have yet reached any vital spot. If the Russians remain true to their traditional government, and avoid anything in the shape of a revolution, the victories of the Japanese can, after all, affect them only to a comparatively small degree; for without seeking in any way to minimise the importance of recent battles, it is still accurate to describe them, from an Imperial point of view, merely as affairs of outposts. They are fought at a great distance from the centre of the Russian government. They do not open a way to what is the ambition of each combatant in modern warfare, namely, the investment of the enemy's capital. St. Petersburg is in no more danger than London was when the Boers managed to cut off the garrison at Ladysmith and defeat our armies in several encounters.

What Russia has suffered, therefore, so far must be described, in the immortal words of Mr. Kruger, as moral and intellectual damage. The prestige of the Russian Army has suffered severely, and the real question is whether or not the Czar will be involved in this depreciation. Like all absolute governments, that of Russia depends in a large degree upon a popular belief in the power and invincibility of the Czar. If this were once thoroughly shaken, then no one can say what the end would be. Czardom at this stage of evolution is an undoubted anachronism. Its spirit is the exact opposite of that which has come to permeate the civilised world. It is a form of government entirely unsuited to modern conditions, and, in regard to points like this, warfare is the greatest educator. In France we know what the result was. The aristocracy kept their power until events showed the democracy that it was no matter of divine right, that the millions had only to exert themselves and the hundreds would have to submit. Such a revolution might easily come to Russia as a consequence of the present war.

On the other hand, it is actual campaigning that develops military talent, and as the conflict goes on it is just possible that by good luck some general may be discovered in Russia able to cope with those that are leading the armies of Japan. Probably that would be a misfortune in the long run, because it would, for the Muscovite Empire, put off the day of purgation. That the country is likely to rally in one way or another must be manifest to every student of history. Nothing new ever happens. It is always the old, old stories repeating themselves, and no example can be found of a nation in the position of Russia going to pieces under misfortune. It is neither Rome nor Babylon nor Assyria nor Greece nor Persia. It is rather an unconsolidated congeries of nations likely to be welded together by misfortune. If we study carefully the history of these Empires that have gone to wreck, we find that in all of them the signs of dissolution had manifested themselves before the end. But as far as one can judge, the time of Russia has not yet come.

The sympathies of Germany as far as this conflict goes were curiously exhibited in a debate that took place in the Reichstag one day last week. It arose from a question raised by Herr Bebel, the Democratic leader, who protested vigorously against what by implication he described as the partisanship of the Kaiser. After the destruction of the battleship Petropavlovsk he

averred that the Emperor William sent a sympathetic telegram to the Czar, and he described this as outraging the neutrality which Germany is supposed to maintain. In his reply the German Chancellor did not deny that the Emperor William had sent such a telegram. He said, however, that its contents had been wrongly described; only that contradiction does not come to much, since he did not give the text himself. He tried to show that the telegram had only been dictated by human sympathy; but as this feeling could quite as easily have been shown for those most heroic Japanese who willingly sacrificed their lives at the entrance to Port Arthur, the Chancellor's defence is not a strong one. At the same time he took occasion to snub the German papers that had been making game of their northern neighbour, and his words on this matter are worth quoting: "A section of the German Press, particularly the comic papers, have repeated their conduct of a few years ago, by making the misfortunes of a friendly country the subject of malicious and spiteful articles and caricatures."

English sympathy will be entirely with Count von Bülow in his reproof of the German caricaturists who, as far as we have seen, are as much distinguished for their vulgarity and for their want of taste as they are for their lack of anything in the shape of true wit or humour. At the same time, we fail to remember any occasion on which Count von Bülow tried to repress the malicious outbursts which, as he says, were common enough a few years ago, that is to say, at the time of the war with the Transvaal. They never exhibited worse taste, or acted in a more mischievous manner, than they did while the Boer War was going on, yet neither the Chancellor nor the Emperor thought it necessary to reprove them in any way. At the present moment we cannot help thinking that it is in the worst possible taste to make any jests whatever about Russia. The country is no ally of ours, and our sympathies are frankly with Japan; but it has never been an English custom, and we hope it never will be, to hit a man when he is down.

ÆNONE'S SONG.

Here in the dark I sit and dream your face,
And in the burning darkness say your name;
And wish my life once more was void of you,
And knew again the days before you came.
So small my kingdom was, and set about
With walls of limit; but the sun shone in,
That never shines now through the mists of rain
With which the days end and the days begin.
So short my little singing-space in time,
But very glad the songs that were my part—
My tree of happiness stands brown and dead,
The birds are flown that sang within my heart.
You knocked a little while at my heart's gate
Till, fain to give, I opened it in haste.
And through the door so joyously set wide
You entered in and laid my kingdom waste.

ETHEL CLIFFORD.

It was not without reason that our ancestors formed a strong prejudice against marrying in the so-called merry month of May, as it is, in reality, an unhealthy time, and one, as Sir Thomas Browne long ago noted, that often sees the fatal ending of an illness. Unfortunately it happens this week that we have to record the deaths of two very distinguished men who, however, trod very different paths in life. Sir H. M. Stanley's life was, in itself, a sort of romance. He was not so old, being only in his sixty-third year, but his life had been a very strenuous one. In fact, Stanley might have been a very fruitful theme for the late Dr. Samuel Smiles. He started at the very foot of the ladder, all the more honour to him for having worked his way into such a high and distinguished place, especially as his career was made without the help of any friends, except such as were won, so to speak, by his own right hand.

It has been said that the environment of youth shapes the course of a man, but the biography of Stanley somewhat contradicts this theory, since from six to sixteen his existence was spent amid the most squalid surroundings conceivable. At the end of that time young Rowlands, for his real name was John Rowlands, left the house to go and work in a butcher's shop, but that he did not much care for, and, escaping, shipped as a cabin boy and ran off to America. In the United States a man has a fair chance of getting what he is worth, and after a mixed career of soldiering, journalism, and the like, in January, 1871, Stanley was sent off to find Dr. Livingstone. The history of that remarkable journey has often been told, and how the explorer, found the worn and tired Livingstone sitting faint and weary before his tent like the poor white man in Mungo Park's

story. It was too late to bring the fine old missionary and traveller back, but for many a year after his return Stanley was one of the lions of London Society. He ultimately married a famous artist in the person of Miss Dorothy Tennant, and the last of his years were spent in the manner of an ordinary English gentleman.

A marked and singular contrast to Stanley will be found in the history of Professor York Powell, who died on Sunday, at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. One carries us to the camp, the office, the distant country, the romance of adventure, but the other was a recluse, a student. It is just ten years since Mr. York Powell was appointed to follow the late Mr. Froude as Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and how efficiently and ably he has performed the duties of that office is best known in scholastic circles. Powell was not ambitious of cutting any conspicuous figure before the general public, and therefore did not win with them a position comparable to that held by some of his immediate predecessors, such as Froude himself, Freeman, and Gardiner, but it was certainly not from any lack of ability. Those who knew the man's conversation knew best the wide knowledge, the suggestiveness of thought, the strength and originality of one of the finest minds in the England of his time. It was an education in itself to hear him talk, especially when discussing some historical question in which he had more than a passing interest.

By the death of Maurus Jokai the world has lost probably the most prolific novelist that ever lived, and perhaps the greatest romancer since Scott, Dumas, and Victor Hugo. Opinions, as ever, will be divided as to which is his greatest work. Let it be said at least, without fear of counter-saying, that "Timar's Two Worlds" and "Eyes Like the Sea" must rank among the highest. In the description of the weird and the terrible he was unsurpassed, and there is, in the former of the books above named, an account of the passage of the Iron Gates on the Danube that is hardly to be equalled for force of conviction and realism. In his search for sensation he lacked the restraint of some of his even greater predecessors, and a description of the dancing of deformed dwarfs in one of his novels is positively shocking. But withal he had his liberal share of the true romantic genius, and a wider world than his own beloved Hungary will very sincerely mourn his loss.

A petition is lying for signature at Lyndhurst, addressed to Mr. Stafford Howard, C.B., one of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, drawing his attention to a serious condition of things in the New Forest heaths and open glades. The Act of 1877, which provided that the whole area outside the enclosure should remain for ever uncut, has in no way been infringed. But Nature has taken liberties in the way of planting up the open spaces with hundreds of thousands of "undesirables" in the shape of self-sown seedling Scotch firs; while in the ancient woods a dense and prickly growth of holly is blocking up the openings, and hiding one of the most beautiful sights there, the thousands of stems of old forest trees standing clear and free from underwood. The recent wet seasons have greatly aided the unlooked-for spread of the Scotch fir, which the cattle do not care to nip off when young. The beautiful open heaths, which add so much to the salubrity as well as to the picturesqueness of the forest, are in course of being turned into great self-sown fir woods, with the loss of light, distance, and the circulation of air. The forest may before long become a thick, dark mass, like a wood without rides. Scotch fir is also a stranger, and not a local tree, though, like many imported growths, it finds a suitable soil for its multiplication. The holly, though beautiful enough in moderation, is so prickly when young that the cattle, which have played a great part in clearing the forest, do not bite it. Under the big trees it does not assume a picturesque character, and it chokes the seedling oak and beech. The appeal is that Mr. Howard give directions to check these growths, according to the best advice available. The only doubt in our minds is whether the Act, if not amended, will allow him to do so.

Lovers of dogs will be glad to know that the fine collection of these animals exhibited in the Domestic Animal Series at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, has lately received several important additions. Among the more striking of these we may specially notice certain pigmy breeds, such as the Russian and Mexican lapdogs, the Maltese terrier, and Griffon dog. Aberdeen, Yorkshire, and black and tan toy terriers are represented by admirable specimens of their kind. Other fancy breeds newly represented are the Maltese hairless dog, and those curious varieties of the King Charles, the Japanese, and ruby toy spaniels. The large breeds have been reinforced by the addition of the bulldog, bloodhound, Great Dane, and Borzois; the last named, pure white in colour, is a magnificent specimen of his kind, and was bred by the Duchess of Newcastle. The addition

of three or four examples of the pariah dog gives those who are interested a unique opportunity to study the characteristics of this mongrel but useful race.

Although this series is not yet complete, it is now large enough to prove a most valuable lesson in the principles of the evolution of our domesticated animals. And this lesson should be the more easily grasped, because, with one or two rare exceptions, these animals have been most remarkably well mounted. Doubtless, from many points of view, the show-pen is better for this purpose, but there the living animal cannot be studied together with its skeleton! In the museum, the skin "as large as life, and twice as natural," preserves for the students of the future an accurate record of the standard approved by the breeder of to-day, whilst the skeleton will, yet more accurately, serve a similar purpose.

Major Richardson, the well-known dog-owner at Carnoustie, in Forfarshire, has been invited by the Russian Government to "let loose the dogs of war" in the most humane sense. Major Richardson has made a speciality of training his dogs for ambulance work, and the like. They have been exhibited at the Crystal Palace and at the Glasgow Exhibition, and the Russian Government has applied to their trainer to know how many dogs he can supply for immediate service in the Far East.

THE FISHERMAN'S FRIENDS.

What matter that the sun is bright,
The water low, and sport a blank?
What care I that my creel is light,
Since I can smoke upon the bank,
Where cuckoos call on either side,
Where I can hear the blackbird's strain,
And catch from yonder moorland wide
The curlew's weird forlorn refrain?
Deep in a spinney, brave and proud,
Autumn forgot, a pheasant crows.
A green woodpecker, laughing loud,
Derides maybe my fruitless throws;
While, where the trees rise thick and dark,
And foot of man no path has made,
A spotted brother drills the bark
With rattle echoing thro' the glade.
A water-rail long-legged and shy
Slips from her nest as I draw near;
The swallows swoop and circle high;
Grey wagtails run upon the weir;
With wondrous flash of blue and green
A fishing monarch past me flits;
And there, his white bib clearly seen,
Perched on a rock a dipper sits.
And when the drowsy hour of noon
Brings peace, and Nature's tongues grow still,
When silence thro' the blaze of June
Falls as a cloak on wood and hill,
There comes from somewhere far above,
The sweeter that it comes so late,
That perfect sound of perfect love,
A stock-dove crooning to his mate.

R. S. T. C.

Gastronomic Paris seems to have suffered a severe shock from the discovery that it has been regaling itself for a long while, unawares, on artificial snails. The discovery is due to the action brought by a workman in one of the factories of these articles of commerce for compensation for loss of a finger. For a moment, on hearing of this accident, one experiences a thrill, in the expectation that the lost digit was worked up into an imitation of the *escargot*. Such, however, does not seem to have been the case. The so-called snails are manufactured out of calves' lights, made up into spirals so as to fit into discarded snail shells, and it is said that the manufactured and fictitious snail has a peculiar flavour superior to that of the natural mollusc. Such being the fact, the use of the snail shell, except for the purpose of deception, is not apparent. Indeed, it is this, the shell, the only natural part of the morsel as it comes to table that need reasonably be objected to, for the snail shells are said to be collected from dust heaps and all kinds of abominable places of the like kind.

We regret that owing to an oversight no mention was made of Mr. Frederick Eden's name in connection with his article on "Salmon Migration" which appeared in our last issue. Those of our readers who have been following the controversy on this subject, which has been going on in our pages for some time past, will be interested to have the opinion of so well-known an authority on salmon as Mr. Eden. We are glad, therefore, to take this opportunity of giving honour where honour is due, and of assigning to this very interesting article its proper authorship.

COUNTRY OCCUPATIONS.

ETWEEN the country town and the country itself a considerable gulf is placed, and the occupations pursued in the one differ from those that obtain in the other. The illustrations we are showing to-day appertain much more to the market town than to the rustic hamlet. The watchmaker has ever been held in high esteem. Very often in the market town he was something of a mechanical genius, and if so, his reputation spread far and wide. Country people as a rule are excellent time-keepers. It is true that some of them are so poor as not to be able to possess any clock or watch, but even they, especially the women of the fields, have been so much accustomed to an outdoor life that their observation of natural phenomena tells them all that they desire to know. They may not look closely at the tree shadows, which, if examined intelligently, would answer the purpose of a natural dial, but by a kind of instinct they have come to know what time of day it is by a mere glance at the sun or clouds. We have known a poor woman begin her solitary task, and stop at every right moment for meals, without being able to give any account of what it was that taught her to do so. Shepherds and ploughmen have long been noted for their ability to guess the time of day. Yet all this power exists alongside an ambition to wear a watch, and, moreover, a watch which can be relied upon. In many parts of the country it is



R. Berry.

PERPLEXED.

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of winding up; but, still, these are small matters in the eye of the rural swain. Other methods of foisting watches upon him have unfortunately come into being. There are many disreputable companies that sell watches on a sort of hire-purchase system, in which the poor yokel is made to pay three or four times the proper price, and at the end is provided only with a showy timepiece that cannot be trusted even on those fleeting occasions when it can be made to go. These things revolutionised the watchmaker's shop, and it is very rare indeed to find one of the old style now in which good articles only are kept, a reasonable price is asked for them, and the watchmaker dependent for the bulk of his wages on the industry and ability with which he could keep old watches going. He used also to make a little by going round and cleaning the large eight-day clocks that stood in the kitchen of the rustic, but, unfortunately, collectors have depleted the village houses of these clocks, and it has become a craze among wealthy members of society to have a tall eight-day cottage clock standing in some part of the house.

The maker of fishing tackle stands in a very different position. Whether he inhabit town or country, his tastes have usually been formed in the latter. It is of the very essence of his craft that he should know the practical value of what he makes, and his shop is not to be found only in towns of considerable size. In a fishing country the tackle-maker often finds it worth his while to live in a mere hamlet; but then, speaking of England, he often combines the duties of a Scotch gillie with those of his more legitimate craft. The angling visitor treats him as something more than a tradesman. He wants to know from him not only what are the most suitable lures for the



Rev. H. W. Dick. THE WATCHMAKER.

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taken as a sign of manhood, just as the adopting of the toga was in Rome, when a youth first appears with a large and ancient watch attached to a steel chain. Over the fortunes of these watches the town watchmaker kept a vigilant outlook. He knew that from time to time each would be brought to him, and that as long as repairs were possible the same old instrument would have to serve the turn. We speak in the past tense, because of late years there has come into the shops a kind of watch that costs next to nothing. For a shilling or two the lad new from school can purchase one out of his first month's earnings. No doubt it ticks so loudly that the owner is always liable to be asked if he has a clock under his waistcoat, and it takes a wonderful deal



Rev. H. W. Dick. THE TACKLE-MAKER.

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season, but if he is a stranger to the district, and possesses a fair amount of natural intelligence, he wishes to learn, too, what are the favourite bits of water to fish, and perhaps he may even go further and enlist the services of the tackle-maker, who does not find business so brisk but that he is able to leave the shop in charge of a small boy, and go forth for what his soul enjoys, that is to say, a good day with the angler. It may be true that for the more important part of a fisherman's outfit he has no trade. The angler usually goes to one of the large houses for his rod, his line, his reel, his fishing-basket, and the other impediments with which he considers it necessary to burden himself; but the local man can tell him more about the best flies and baits, so that for these there is still a considerable demand in the tackle-maker's shop. He is often, too, a bit of a ne'er-do-well. Probably enough he began life by developing an insensate craze for using the line and angle, and merely took to the business of making and selling tackle as a congenial employment, or, at least, one that was likely to bring him oftenest into contact with those who loved his favourite pursuit. He is emphatically a sportsman, and one skilled at welding the instruments he manufactures.

A later addition to village industries is that of the newsagent. It is not so long ago as to be beyond the power of human memory that a single weekly newspaper served the wants of a whole community. It was read and reread and passed from one to another till the page was discoloured and the paper as limp as that of a

well-used banknote. Often its ultimate destination was the taproom of the public-house, where it was read by the few to the many who were unable to read it. In the days we refer to wages were so low that even the outlay of two or three pence was considered extravagant. Education, too, was not so general, and the man who could read a daily paper glibly was more often the exception than the rule. But to-day country people have more to spend, and cheap papers are much more numerous than ever they were before. For a single halfpenny the labourer can obtain a daily journal, or even a weekly one that will give him as much as he wants to know, and fortunately for himself he can spare a halfpenny more easily than his grandfather could have done. Then the newsagent finds it worth his while to work up a long round for himself for the weekly papers. He gets as many as eight or ten dozen on a Saturday, and has customers for them at villages lying a considerable distance apart. It is very hard work, as a considerable burden has to be carried, and many long and weary miles have to be trudged, but the newsman, probably because he spends so much of his time in the open air, is usually a very healthy individual, and we have known members of the craft who were able to keep up work until

a very advanced age. For the most part the villages where the newsvendor flourishes lie fairly contiguous to a large town, and the yokels have imbibed a goodly portion of the tastes of the average citizen.

Of the smith we have often had cause to speak. He differs



T. R. Foxcroft. *A MOTHER'S WORK.*

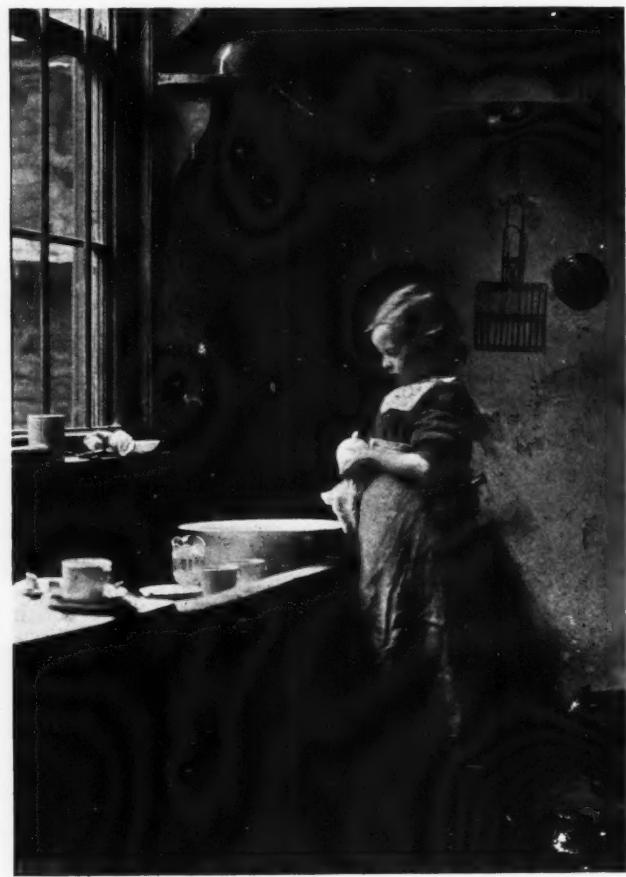
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INTERRUPTED.

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Rev. H. W. Dick. *HER MOTHER'S HELP.*

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from the others we have mentioned, in so far as his work is really heavy and laborious. His muscles have been abnormally developed by wielding the great hammer at the anvil, and there are seasons of the year when he must begin work by daylight and go on till dusk. His business lies, to a great extent, among cart-wheels and horses' shoes and kindred articles; but his shop is generally a centre for the village, and he himself is one of those yokels that we could not well do without.

For a conclusion we have left the female occupations. It



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is a curious sign of the times that women are no longer keen to do the hard work of the open air, and where they are required for this purpose great difficulty is experienced in finding them. Yet for the cottage girl there is not much choice. Unless she cares to migrate to town, she must either devote herself to dairy or farm work, or go into service in one of the neighbouring mansions. There is demand enough for her in the latter capacity, but of recent years she has been in no wise willing to take advantage of it. Probably the absence of fixed hours, the denial of holidays, and the absence of any definite scheme of work account for her dislike. Experience has shown that a girl will prefer even much harder work than she is accustomed to, provided that she can get more freedom in the shape of a Saturday afternoon or an early closing arrangement. Last of all we must give a word to the old pillow-lace-maker. Here we have a department of industry that at one time used to provide a certain amount of employment for old country-women, and in a cottage here and there you may still find the lace and the table linen that were spun a century ago for some bride who long has passed away. It is an industry whose revival will be gladly welcomed, since the veriest novice must admit the vast difference there is between hand-made lace and the rubbish that is turned out by machinery.

But, after all, the occupation of woman has been summed up in the past, and may be for the future, in the words



Rev. H. W. Dick. *THE SMITH.* Copyright

of the legend inscribed under one of our photographs, "The Common Task." The lady, as will be observed, is depicted in the act of washing the cups and saucers after tea, and we will take that to be typical of those homely household duties to which the patient heart of woman has submitted from time immemorial. The country lady kept on accepting this as her fate long after her town sister had forsaken household work for the card-table and the ballroom. One thinks with something of regret of the disappearance of those stately dames of the manor house, who were seldom seen without innumerable keys hanging from their waist, and who in the kitchen and the still-room were in their element. To-day women of the same, or even an inferior, class make a show of disdaining these quiet and unostentatious tasks. The still-room has almost ceased to be an adjunct to the country

house, and even the jam and preserves are purchased from the manufacturer, while the preparation of joints and puddings is relegated to a male or female cook.



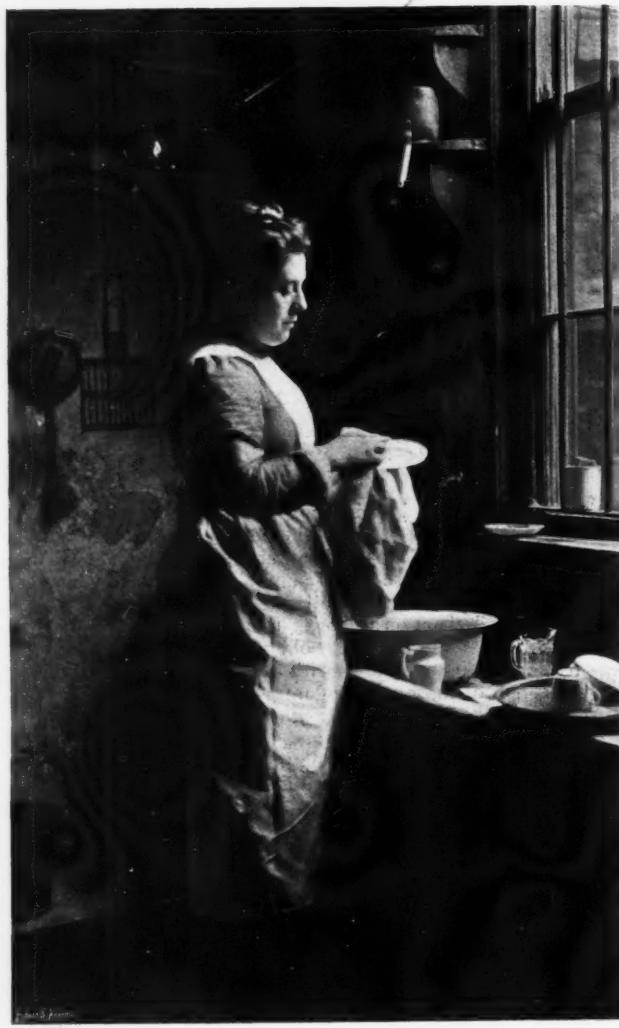
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A BOOK OF . . SUSSEX.

SUSSEX is so fair a county, and possesses so many and such various attractions, that it would be hard indeed if, given a competent writer, a book of more than passing interest could not be produced in its praise. In Mr. E. V. Lucas, whose "Highways and Byways in Sussex" (Macmillan) lately appeared, the projectors of this excellent series of county handbooks have found an admirable guide—one more than ordinarily well equipped for his task. He possesses style; his descriptions are clear, vivacious, and alluring; he is manifestly deep in the literature of the shire, and has gathered for the edification of his readers many a pleasing and out-of-the-way piece of information or of lore; he has evidently travelled far and

wide over the county, exploring even those remote nooks and corners which are the delight of the happy few acquainted with them ; he tells us not only of the history, but of the sports and pastimes, of Sussex ; and he has, to boot, that love of Nature and the country-side which renders his narrative doubly engaging. This book is, in short, quite one of the most successful examples of this kind of literature. No lover of Sussex can afford to be without it, while the stranger, first entering upon the beauties of the country of the South Downs, may well be thankful to obtain, within so reasonable a compass as 416 pages, a companion at once so allusive, so chatty, and so stimulating. If one adds that the numerous illustrations are in Mr. Frederick Griggs's best manner, it will be conceded that the letterpress is more than sufficiently strengthened. After the oceans of blurred washes or indifferent photographic reproductions to which we have been accustomed for years past, how pleasant a relief it is to linger over these beautiful and artistic pen-and-ink drawings !

Mr. Lucas begins his task by entering Sussex from the west. Starting at Midhurst, he leads us by way of Chichester, Arundel, Petworth, Horsham, Brighton, Cuckfield, East



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COUNTRY OCCUPATIONS: THE COMMON TASK.

Grinstead, Lewes, Eastbourne, Hailsham, Hastings, Rye, and Tunbridge Wells, bidding farewell to his subject finally at Withyham, on the borders of Ashdown Forest. He recommends this course, with good reason, as being the best for those who would explore the county on foot and with deliberation ; in this way the more characteristic scenery of Sussex can be best studied, with the occasional assistance of the train.

The bicycle we take to be one of the most invaluable aids to the real exploration of the country-side yet invented. By its help we have been able to penetrate into remote parts of Sussex, much too far afield for the average foot traveller. There are few lanes where it cannot pass ; it can be handed easily over gates and stiles, by which the motor-car is completely set at defiance ; and if the wanderer is desirous, as he probably will be, of a ten-mile ramble now and again along the grass-clad South Downs, where even the cycle is comparatively useless, that humble instrument can be despatched by train to some convenient point where it can be picked up again.

Useful as is the motor-car to those desiring to annihilate distance and to speed from town to town, we should never be

inclined to associate that vehicle with the real exploration of rural Sussex. To the lover of the breezy uplands, where the cleanest air in England moves over the thymy grass, where the only sounds are the hum of bees, the song of birds, and the distant tinkle of a sheep-bell, the smell of petrol, the noise and jar and dust of the motor-car, can never be welcome accompaniments. The author has the true feeling for the almost unique attraction of the Down country. We ourselves, having sampled the scenery of a good many different parts of the world, can safely say that we return always to the quiet charm of these majestic and peaceful hills with renewed delight. "They are," says Mr. Lucas, "the smoothest things in England, gigantic, rotund, easy ; the eye rests upon their gentle contours and is at peace. . . . The Downs change their complexion, but are never other than soothing and still ; no stress of weather produces in them any of that sense of fatality that one is conscious of in Westmorland. Thunder-clouds empurple the turf and blacken the hangers, but they cannot break the imperturbable equanimity of the line ; rain throws over the range a gauze veil of added softness ; a mist makes them more wonderful, unreal, romantic ; snow brings them to one's doors. At sunrise they are magical, a background for Malory ; at sunset they are the lovely home of the serenest thoughts, a spectacle for Marcus Aurelius. Their combes, or hollows, are then filled with purple shadows, cast by the sinking sun, while the summits and shoulders are gold."

Mr. Lucas contributes to his pleasant pages a plentiful sprinkling of historical interest. He points out, for instance, the route taken by Charles II., in 1651, towards the close of his long and perilous wanderings, after Worcester fight. From near Hambledon, in Hampshire, the fleeing Prince came by way of Broad Halfpenny Down, Catherington Down, Charlton Down (near Goodwood), and Ibsworth Down to Compton Down. Thence, riding along the hills, he and his companions (Lord Wilmot and one of the Gunters of Racton) descended from Duncton Beacon to Houghton Village and Amberley, where, at Sir John Briscoe's castle, the Prince slept. Thence they made their way to Steyning and Bramber, where they passed some Cromwellian troopers of Colonel Morley of Glynde, who were satisfied merely to insult them as they rode by. From Beeding Charles and Lord Wilmot climbed the hill at Horton, and, crossing by way of White Lot to Portslade, thence got safely into Brighthelmstone (the modern Brighton), whence Captain Nicholas Tattersall put the Prince safely across to Fécamp. Harrison Ainsworth, in his romance, "Ovingdean Grange," makes the Stuart King take a somewhat different route, but Mr. Lucas's account is much more probably the correct one.

In his notes on the famous Charlton Hunt the author quotes from an old manuscript a wonderful fox-hunt which took place on January 26th, 1738. They found their fox (a vixen) at a quarter before eight in the morning—they hunted very early in those days—and ran her for ten hours, killing her at ten minutes to six near South Stoke, by the wall of Arundel River. Only three were up at the death : Billy Ives, Yeoman Pricker to His Majesty's Hounds, the Duke of Richmond (Master of the Charlton Hunt), and Brigadier Henry Hawley, who saw the finish, "to the immortal honour of 17st. and at least as many campaigns." All the hunters seem to have been fortunate enough to have picked up their second horses, most of which were worn out long before the end of this mighty run. The Duke of Richmond appears to have got to the bottom of at least three nags. Lord Harcourt's second horse could only be recovered by bleeding and the administration of Geneva! Mr. Lucas might have added that the General Hawley thus immortalised was the red-faced soldier who, some seven years later, commanded against Prince Charlie at Falkirk, and sustained so rude an awakening and so severe a drubbing.

There are many interesting notes on natural history to be found scattered throughout this delightful volume. The author notices, among other things, the marvellous abundance of wheatears in the old days. The decline of the wheatear is a matter of some mystery, not to be accounted for entirely by the vast numbers of these birds formerly snared for the market by the South Down shepherds. It lies, probably, rather in some change in the migratory habits of these birds, a change which had begun to take place long before legislative protection had been enacted. There are still fair numbers of wheatears upon the South Downs, especially between Eastbourne and Seaford, but nothing like the wonderful plenty of a hundred and two hundred years since. In the good days, a single shepherd near East Dean, not far from Beachy Head, is reported to have snared nearly a hundred dozen of these birds in the course of a day. He had so many that he was quite unable to thread his catches on crow-quills after the usual fashion. He therefore "took off his round frock and made a sack of it to put them into, and his wife did the same with her petticoat." A mighty bag, indeed, of "Sussex ortolans," as these birds were sometimes called by their admirers.

Among the many pieces of verse scattered about his pages, the author rescues from oblivion one of the most beautiful and

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FEEDING THE CALVES.

H. P. Robinson.

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touching poems of the last thirty years. This—to be found at page 294—is the death-song of Richard Realf, born at Framfield, the son of Sussex peasants, who, although practically unknown in this country, achieved some note in America. The friend of John Brown and of freedom for the slave, he fought in the War of Secession, and was well known for his oratory and poems. Dying by his own hand in 1878, he left beside his body the noble verses quoted by Mr. Lucas, verses which tell but too surely the anguish and the tragedy of a broken heart.

Mr. Lucas takes us into innumerable highways and byways of this beautiful country; he shows us many an ancient town and village, castle and church, and lightens the journey by much interesting lore and many a pleasant story. To everyone fond of the country and of country life one can heartily recommend this excellent and most informing book.

H. A. BRYDEN.

FROM THE FARMS.

LIVESTOCK IN ARGENTINA.

PROFESSOR WALLACE of Edinburgh University, who has made a tour in the Argentine, has written an interesting account of shows and livestock in that country. He left Southampton on April 10th, 1902, and returned on October 11th, so that he had plenty of time and opportunity to get together a knowledge of the subject. The history of livestock in this part of the world may be said to have begun in 1866, when a few stock breeders met in Buenos Ayres and formed the Argentine Rural Society. It was four years before this body was able to have a show, but they had one every four years after that until 1894, the two best being those of 1886 and 1890. In 1894 the council unanimously decided to begin holding an annual show, and a trial one was held in 1895. Owing to the short notice and other circumstances, however, this was a total failure, but the fact only stimulated the breeders to renewed efforts, and since then every show has been an improvement on its predecessor. To show the nature of the advance, we may quote the following from a letter written by Mr. Gordon, the well-known judge of pure-bred cattle, who, on March 13th, 1904, gives an excerpt from his report to say "the shorthorn cattle put before me, with some few exceptions, seemed, in general, to be of good quality, well furnished with flesh, and of good size for their age." The faults he had to find in the majority were great roughness of shoulders, in some cases amounting almost to a deformity, and considerable slackness or weakness in the back and top line. He is inclined to attribute these defects to the soft character of the soil in the province of Buenos Ayres. From the report of Professor Wallace, a very good idea of the livestock will be obtained, and his work is illustrated with a number of photographs, some of which are excellent. We notice that at the special show of dairy breeds of European cattle in the Argen-

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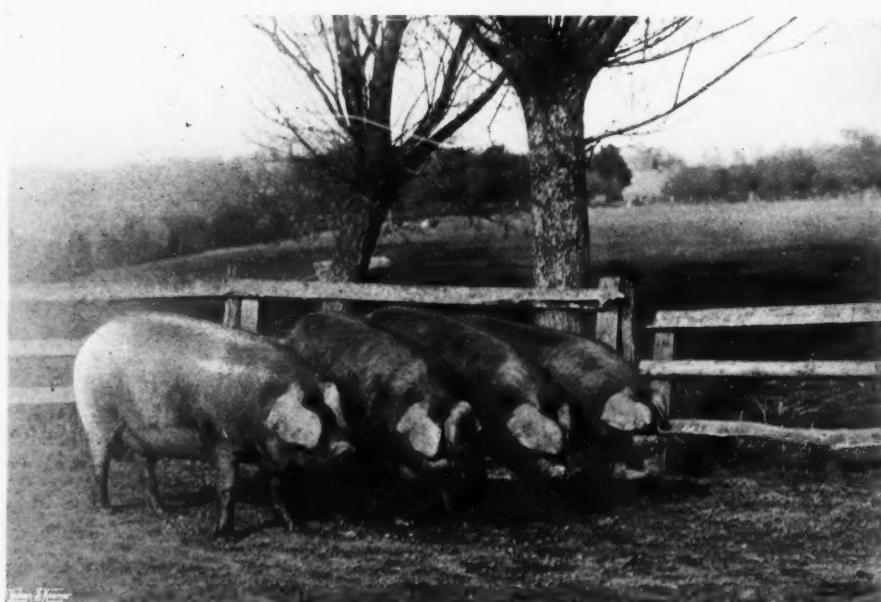
HARD AT WORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

progress of the Argentine butter trade with Great Britain are extremely interesting. In 1895 only seven tons were sent to this country, but in 1903 these had increased to 4,190 tons. Professor Wallace thinks there is a splendid opening in Argentina for the establishment of a breed of milking shorthorns, and this is a hint that breeders will do well to attend to, true though it is that for the time being the importation of foreign cows into Argentina is forbidden.

MILK AND INFANTILE MORTALITY.

Sir James Crichton-Browne delivered a most interesting lecture at the annual meeting of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association last Saturday. It was large in praise of milk as an article of diet. "I think," he said, "I could point to friends of my own who would be better in health and intellect and purse and temper if they would substitute a quart of milk at 3d., or even of skim at a farthing, for the bottle of champagne at 12s. or 15s. which they absorb daily." But, on the other hand, he is most hostile to all kinds of made-up milk, and to support his views he brings forward some striking facts. Of the 150,000 infants who die annually in this country in the first year of life, three-fourths have been fed artificially. In France the mortality of suckled infants is 8 per cent., whereas that of hand-fed children is 61 per cent. He considers that the patent infants' foods and condensed milks which are so portentously puffed, need only to be mentioned to be condemned. Thousands of infants have died of them, thousands are being maimed for life by their deficiencies. Concerning milk foods he has nothing more favourable to say. Concerning proprietary foods his remark is that their great recommendation is that they give little trouble—"you open the tin, add a little water, and they are ready for use." But he points out that even indolent mothers would hesitate to use them if they knew that the pleasing plumpness they produce is a hollow mockery, and that their exclusive use often leads to anaemia, rickets, and scurvy. He is also very much opposed to imported milk, on the ground that no proper supervision can be exercised over the trade. He thinks the importation should be peremptorily stopped, and that continental milk should be excluded from our shores. He also advises greater care in the housing, feeding, and general treatment of cows. On the whole this very vigorous speech was one that ought to encourage English farmers to devote their whole attention to the production of the very best milk that cows can give, since, if they succeed in this, it is very evident that they need fear no competition either with milk sent in from abroad or the more or less quack preparations so commonly sold and loudly advertised.



A PLEASING QUARTETTE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE MAKING OF RIDES.

II.—FOR PLEASURE.

BY C. J. CORNISH.

WHILE our fields, in spite of the depression of agriculture, have been the object of the greatest care and skill for the last quarter of a century, and our gardens have gained more beauty and variety of conception than at any time in the world's history, the greater part of the woods of England have either been standing unimproved, or have even greatly deteriorated. No single reason, applicable everywhere, could be given for this; but, generally speaking, the causes are not beyond discovery. The new, or Continental, system, in which timber is grown as a crop for the markets, as fast, tall, and straight as possible, has not been adopted for fresh estate planting, nor is it ever likely to be on a large scale. On the other hand, the sale of the underwood, whether large, for hop-poles, or small, for making wattle hurdles and firewood, has brought such poor prices that in many places it has scarcely paid for the labour of cutting, so it is stated; or, in any case, it has been matter of little thought to the owners, and the woods have been neglected. "To a thinking mind," as old Will Cobbett used to say, neglected woods, especially if they are large, are a most depressing, irritating, and altogether mortifying spectacle, the more so when seen in the middle of fields admirably cultivated by the tenants, and near to parks and gardens most beautifully kept. Without going into detail, it is enough to say that you see there underwood, which ought to have been cut and cleared years ago, grown into great ill-shaped masses, neither coppice, bush, nor tree; undrained, quaggy swamps, with nasty black unwholesome water; no flowers, because there is no sun; little game, for the same reason partly; no good rides to let light and air in, and to allow the cut wood to be drawn out; no young trees coming up, because seedlings do not grow in the shadow of sprawling coppice uncut for twenty years; and the whole place impenetrable, unwholesome, useless for game, because there are no rides for it to be flushed at, even if you turn birds in. Such neglected woods may be found on properties even not twenty miles from London.

Now for another picture, though as it is hoped that these remarks may be practical, there will be no effort at picturesque description. At Gravetye Manor, in Sussex, not far from East Grinstead, there are some 400 acres of typical Sussex woods, neither better originally nor worse than other woodlands of the class in Kent and Sussex. They cover steep hillsides, valley bottoms, "gills" or ravines made by brooks, and also flat ground. Some part is overlooked by the beautiful old grey stone mansion, with its hammer-ponds below, built in the sixteenth century by a Sussex ironmaster, and for years the property of Mr. William Robinson, the founder of the modern

school of natural gardening. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that success in natural gardening—which is the application and development of the hints given by Nature, and the compliance, by one who knows and can command the resources of the world in the way of flowers and plants, with the requests of Nature, which he knows how to interpret—demands much the same qualities as success in natural forestry, only the latter is far more simple in detail. Its object is to make the very best of the old woods and coverts as they are, according to the nature of the trees, the condition of the ground, and the natural hollows, pools, dells, banks, and the like which they cover. There is just this difference in the object, that while the natural garden is developed only for beauty, the woods are improved with regard to the remaining factors of cash return, namely, the large trees. There is a slight sacrifice of underwood owing to the cutting and widening of rides. But it takes a vast length even of wide rides to cover as much ground as would make even one acre of underwood fit for hurdle-making, even if the area covered by some thousands of yards of 18ft. ride were lumped together in a square. To be approximately exact, one yard of ride 18ft. wide means six square yards. One acre contains roughly rather less than 30,000 square yards, and that gives about 5,000 yds. in length of 18ft. rides, or in other words, by sacrificing one acre of underwood, which you can sell for a merely nominal sum once every seven years after deducting cost of cutting, you can have nearly three miles of rides. It may be asked, "What is the good of rides?" For most purposes of enjoyment, in the way of beauty, shelter, and shooting, they simply "make" the wood; the one is the complement to the other, unless the wood is a mere narrow belt, or one of the "shaws" so common in Kent and Sussex connecting one wood with another by an irregular riband, often down the line of a little brook or bank. Even so it is often much improved if, as has been done at Gravetye, the "shaw" is widened by having fresh wood planted in



WARREN WOOD, GRAVETYE MANOR.

an irregular parallel with it, and a ride taken alongside the "shaw" or partly in it, as the fall and contour of the ground suggest. In place of the riband of wood, you have a green ride or lane, winding with it, with old wood on one side, and young wood on the other. When made, every ride is a beautiful thing in itself, especially if treated as at Gravetye, for there the open sides, and little "bays" running back into the wood near the feet of big trees, and such places are brightened with clumps and beds of daffodils and narcissus growing naturally, though they were planted there when the rides were made. But let no one suppose that a gardener went about with a trowel poking them in. Sacks of the bulbs, sometimes odd lots, were taken down at planting time, when the rides were being made, and when earth was taken from the upper side of a

slope. When the ride went across and down it, the bulbs were scattered on the lower side, and the earth flung over them as the rides were roughly levelled. They came up through it, and are now established. But the woodland flowers will appear spontaneously wherever you make rides judiciously, so as to follow the nature of the ground and let in air and light—primroses, cowslips, wood anemones, wild strawberry, cranesbill, foxglove, and, very probably, wild hyacinth, though these mainly grow where the brushwood has been newly cut, as do the masses of primroses. Wherever the last year's cutting of brushwood has been, there you have a natural garden of wood flowers next spring and summer. And how can you see these with no rides to get into your woods? Except in forest land, where the browsing of cattle keeps the ground open, and forms paths and lawns (which they have done for centuries in the New Forest, for instance), rides are the only means not only of entering, but of seeing, the heart of a wood. The real enjoyment of its beauty is in the ride, not among the dense undergrowth. Into



A NEWLY-MADE DRIVE THROUGH WOODLAND.

the ride all the animals come—beasts, birds, and insects. The hares, rabbits, hedgehogs, squirrels (if on the ground), and smaller beasts, with the pheasants, come into or cross the ride, or hop down it, as you sit quietly watching. Down its alternate bars of sunshine and shadow the wood butterflies flicker, and when the coverts are shot they are the only means by which sport can be had.

On what principle, then, are the rides to be cut? Clearly this must vary with the nature of the ground in every case, and with the size of the wood also. If it is a rectangle or a flat, the owner can, if he chooses, cut his rides in squares and rectangles. But this, though far better in effect than might be supposed, especially when there is a "four-cross-road" or "star" in the middle, is not so effective in a flat wood as a slight modification in the lines, retaining the general idea of rectangles. If the projector looks out for the finest old trees, or lines of good firs, or the like, and diverts his rides so as to skirt them, he will have beautiful rows of pillars by the side of his walks. That has been done at Gravetye, and it is Mr. Robinson's conclusion, based on his very wide experience, that the trees grow better for having a ride, free of underwood, near them. The roots have not to compete with those of the roots of the underwood, and the trees derive more nutriment both from the soil and perhaps from the air. They tend to improve steadily by the vicinity of the ride.

In irregular woods on irregular surfaces and slopes far more art comes in in planning the rides, so as to carry them at the right slopes, with the right curves and gentle sinuosities, and to avoid dipping too suddenly into hollows, or climbing too abruptly up hill. The faculty of the artist and the engineer need calling

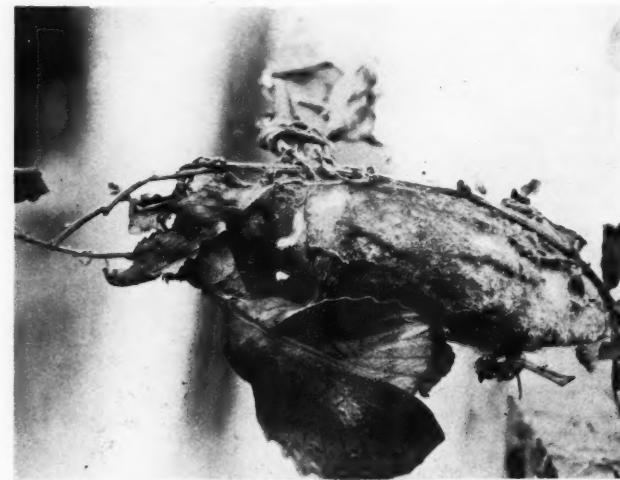
into play. The sportsman, experienced in the ways of pheasants and in their natural tendencies in particular woods, will find that they too have been in the habit of paying particular attention to the fall of the ground. In the Gravetye woods the width of all the rides is 18ft., and, while making wonderful additions to the beauty, accessibility, and general character of the coverts, it will be found that they meet all requirements of sport, and that they are all such that carts can be taken down them for the removal of faggots, hurdles, or timber.

It should be added that there are also on these hills some most remarkable recently-planted pine woods. They consist mainly of Corsican pine. One, planted in poor arable fields on a hillside only twelve years ago, is now a dense, tall, thriving, almost impenetrable wood, but crossed by beautiful smooth grass rides, 18ft. wide, left when the planting was done. These trees were only 2in. high when put in twelve years ago, as little infants brought from France, and planted 4ft. apart. They now average from 14ft. to 18ft. high, in splendid health. They often grow as much as 2ft. or more in a year. Between them the lower branches die off, thickly interlaced, and these are now being trimmed and left to lie and rot among the deep mulch of vegetable mould and pine-needles which enriches their base. As cover for game they could scarcely be beaten, and will remain such for years, until the stems become bare too high up. As an ornament and shelter their value will steadily increase.

A CATERPILLAR FARM.

HOW that sanguine but deluded person who hopes to make a living out of poultry-farming would open his, or her, eyes at some of the figures obtained during a visit to Mr. Newman's caterpillar farm at Bexley. Many butterflies' and moths' eggs fetch as good a price as hens' eggs, some of them, indeed, very much more, and a butterfly or moth will often lay from 50 to 100, or even 200, eggs in a day, and costs, withal, nothing to keep.

A few minutes' walk from Bexley Station brought me to the house, where I found him in the act of unpacking a tin case just delivered by the postman, containing a consignment of living butterflies forwarded by his collectors in the New Forest. They were all Fritillaries, that exquisite family so brilliantly decorated on the under-surface with inlaid plates of silver and mother-of-pearl. Three species were represented—Paphia, the silver-washed; Adippe, the high brown; and Aglaia, the dark green Fritillary. On being unpacked they were being placed in muslin cages, provided with bunches of bramble and thistle blossoms in



LAPPET MOTH.

water for their refreshment after their long journey. Their long, flexible tongues were soon unrolled, and they were feeding steadily. In each cage was also placed a flower-pot, holding a growing violet, the food plant of the future caterpillars. Before I left at the close of the day hundreds of eggs had been laid. One Comma butterfly, caught in Worcestershire last year, having presumably laid most of her eggs before capture, laid afterwards in one day thirty-two eggs. These produced thirty larvae, and subsequently thirty pupæ, which all hatched out into butterflies. From six pairs of these were obtained about 1,000 eggs, some of which were sold at 1s. a dozen; the rest are now larvæ worth 3s. 6d. a dozen; when pupæ they will be worth 5d., and as butterflies 6d., each. Another butterfly, a Painted Lady, laid 700 eggs in a week, 200 in one day on one small thistle. Greater rarities fetch, naturally, much higher prices.



CHRYsalis of Swallow-tail.

in safety; but the very first one examined showed three or four holes, through each of which a fat caterpillar had been extracted by some bird which had found its way into the forbidden area. Grievous tales were told me of the depredations inflicted by marauding robins, tits, and other insectivorous birds. In one case 1,000 larvæ of the Purple Thorn had been devoured, and on another occasion 500 Coxcomb Prominents had been extracted and eaten by a family of hungry tits in the space of two hours. How the gaily-coloured little rogues must have enjoyed their meal. Some of the sleeves are of great size, enclosing a sapling oak, birch, or other tree as big as a man. They have a most ghostly appearance even in broad daylight. At night, amid the rustle of leaves and other mysterious nocturnal sounds, they must look particularly terrifying. A poacher, for instance, coming suddenly in the dead of night on an apparition like this bobbing and swaying in the wind would have, I imagine, a somewhat severe shock to his nervous system. Hybrids are

He had no money to buy a house, so he had to live in a small room.



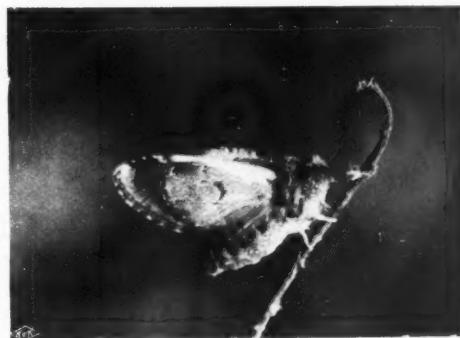
CHRYsalis of Privet-hawk Moth.

system. Hybrids are One of these sleeves between the male Eyed-ark moth. As perfect e. Varieties also are long others, of a nearly hawk moth without the usual pink markings on the hinder wings, which realised very high prices indeed to the lucky breeder. The caterpillar of the former specimen was found in the neighbouring woods feeding on sallow, and in this stage gave no indication of being anything out of the common.

Besides the birds, the butterfly farmer has many other foes to guard against; earwigs, woodlice, and ants are dangerous enemies to both larvæ and pupæ. There is also a family of winged parasitical insects, ichneumons, which pass their own larval state feeding on the interior

tissues of lepidopterous larvae. The female ichneumon is armed with a long pointed ovipositor, and with this she pierces the skin of some unhappy caterpillar, and into the aperture thus made deposits an egg or eggs, as the case may be. To all appearance the victim is perfectly healthy, and its appetite, always good, becomes more insatiable than ever, and in due time it changes into a chrysalis. But instead of the expected butterfly or moth at the proper time, there emerges from a small round hole in the pupa case an insect something like a winged ant in shape, with a black or black and red body, or sometimes a whole crowd of evil-looking black flies make their appearance, having devoured the whole interior parts of the caterpillar, and leaving only the empty husk.

Many and varied are the devices adopted by lepidopterous insects to escape the unwelcome attentions of the multitudinous enemies which beset them on all sides in their various stages of existence. It is among members of the insect world that one finds



FRESHLY-BORN MOTH.

that one finds the most numerous and the most perfect examples of that curious device of the weak and helpless—mimicry. Certain exotic species carry this extraordinary kind of subterfuge to a degree of excellence which is positively wonderful. The deception is so perfect that it must rank as a fine art; but while none of our native species can show results like the under-side of the Kallima butterfly, or the upper surface of the Leaf insect, some of their efforts at deception are not to be despised. Many common caterpillars on our hedges simulate sticks with such absolute fidelity that the sense of touch is needed to convince the deluded eye that it is a soft and juicy caterpillar and not a dry bit of dead stick. Certain day-flying moths ape the resemblance of bees, wasps, hornets, and other dangerous insects so successfully that

dangerous insects be necessarily that no mere human, except an expert entomologist, would venture to touch one for fear of being stung.

The larva of the Puss moth when annoyed draws in its head so as to expose two black spots, which resemble eyes, and erecting its forked tail, protrudes from the two extremities long slender red tentacles, which have the power of emitting formic acid; the creature in this curious attitude presents quite



TWO STICK CATERPILLARS



FRITILLARY ON THISTLE-

found. Those which descend to the earth and there bury themselves are of a dull earthy brown. Many spin strong silken cocoons in the crevices in the bark of trees, and by incorporating therein particles of the actual bark are practically hidden safely from the keenest sight. The hollow stems of reeds and umbelliferous plants are also inhabited by insects which spend their whole larval and pupal stages hidden in security in their curious retreats. The pupæ of these species are provided with rings of sharp hooks, which enable them to wriggle up their hollow chamber and protrude themselves when the time comes for them to change into their perfect state.

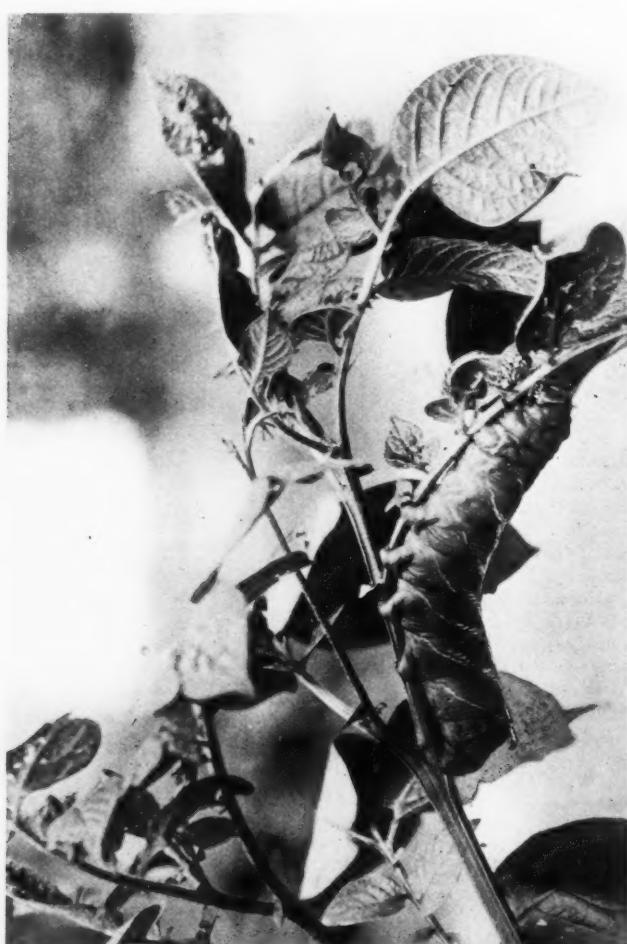
The shape, appearance, and colouring of these creatures are as diverse and curious as their methods of life; and equally so are the methods adopted by ardent collectors in acquiring fresh specimens for their cabinets. Pupæ are dug for at the roots of trees, and searched for on trunks, palings, and similar places. Larvæ are hunted for on their food plants and hiding-places, and beaten from bushes and trees; even eggs are objects of search. While the perfect insects are caught either by fair chase with a net, in the case of day-flying insects, and by taking advantage of the known predilection of many species for certain alluring blossoms, such as sallow, ivy, verbena, and several other flowers, by sembling, using an unpaired female to attract all the males of the same species within a certain distance, by the attraction of light, and by sugaring.

From a school magazine I quote a description of this latter method as contributed by a youthful "professor": "Shugering trees is a much noted way, and here is how to do it, the things you want are rum, shuger, and treakle, which you mix together and doub on a tree, afterwards you hang over it a strong light, round which the moths come, and smelling the treakle settle down on it, but what with the stickiness of the treakly substance, and the intoxication of the rum, they soon lye helpless on the tree victims of the entermolagist"!

R. B. LODGE.



SILVER-WASHED FRITILLARY.



CATERPILLAR OF DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

REMINISCENCES OF A GREAT HUNTSMAN

In the year 1891 I found myself at Atherstone for a double purpose — to read for an examination and study Captain Anstruther Thomson's methods with hounds. I had already combined, as many have done before me, the study of the classics with the science of hunting. Since those days I have learned and forgotten many things, but these two are just as bright and interesting as when Mods. still demanded of everyone a piece of Latin prose with not more than three "howlers," and Lord Macclesfield showed us by example how to draw a big woodland round Waterperry, or cheery Dick Stovin, on the famous black mare, gave us lessons in riding over Chearsley brook. I had heard and read of the famous Master of the Pytchley and the Waterloo run, little thinking then that I should come to know almost every yard of that famous line of country as well as my own garden.

Two of us who combined the love of hunting with a certain zeal for scholarship, decided to read together in some quiet place where we could have cub-hunting in September and October, and to which, if we liked it, we might return at Christmas. Mr. Anstruther Thomson had taken the Atherstone, and his fame had reached us. Accordingly we took lodgings in the quiet little Leicestershire town (or is it actually in Warwickshire?) where they make hats, and settled down to hunt cubs and read hard until such time as it was necessary to go up to Oxford again. Mr. Thomson had been Master of the Atherstone before, and the fame of his powers as a huntsman brought several hard-riding men who loved hounds to settle for the winter. Atherstone itself had some keen sportsmen among its townspeople, and all, I think, were proud of the pack of hounds and the country. I was particularly anxious to see not only the famous Master and huntsman, but also the Welsh hounds. The Atherstone country had not at that time a pack of its own, and Mr. Oakeley and Captain—afterwards Colonel—Anstruther Thomson bought Colonel Pryse's hounds, and these, with drafts from other packs, were the foundation of the pack of those days.

My recollections tell how Captain Thomson left the Atherstone in order to winter at Torquay, on account of his son's health, so that we only had him as huntsman during the cub-hunting. But I recollect well the early mornings in Gopsall, Lord Howe's place. I can see the tall figure at the corners of the rides, and listen still to the clear voice as he cheered his hounds. Those Welsh hounds worked well; indeed, I think I never saw a busier pack. They had beautiful voices, with a touch of sharpness in some of the notes. No huntsman, not even Tom Firr, had a better way with his hounds than Captain Anstruther Thomson; when he spoke the pack seemed to make light of the September undergrowth, and the Atherstone woodlands are strong; and what music they had! The first time I heard them was running in Baxterley Wood, which is not far from the town. But though Captain Thomson believed in speaking to hounds, yet he did not like needless noise, and no man, on the whole, was ever better served by his whippers-in, or made better sportsmen of the men he had under him. Everyone knows how he discovered Tom Firr, and gave him his start in life, though, strange to say, the first story of that great huntsman is one very foreign to ideas of him formed from his later manner. Firr was then second whipper-in to the Pytchley, under Captain Anstruther Thomson. One cub-hunting morning he was missing, having been all night at a ball. Nevertheless, he impressed Captain Thomson with his abilities, for it was to the Master of the Pytchley that Tom Firr owed his promotion from being a second whipper-in to the Quorn to huntsman of the North Warwickshire. Of Tom Firr Colonel Thomson once said that he was of all the huntsmen he had known the best in the saddle. In the reminiscences, on page 341, Vol. I., is an anecdote which shows that he developed this talent early in his career. There was a horse called Fresco, that Colonel Thomson had bought from the well-known dealer, Dick Painter of Bicester. Dick Roake, the first whipper-in, tried him, but could make nothing of him. Then Colonel Thomson himself took the horse in hand. The results were no better. Finally, Tom Firr had the mount on him. "I could win the Liverpool steeplechase on this horse, sir," he

said to his master, and he had the riding of Fresco afterwards. This horse carried Tom Firr from Waterloo Gorse to Keythorpe Wood in the famous run, a great performance for a servant's horse whose work in the earlier part of the day had been hard. There was, as Colonel Thomson would have said, "no surrender about him." I do not think that Colonel Thomson was a heavy man in proportion to his size, but he was remarkably strong on a horse. The work he got out of his horses was remarkable, and he was often going on when the thrusters of his field could not raise a canter. One reason for this was that he rode through the Pytchley country rather than over it, and the places he could squeeze through were wonderful to see. He rode high-couraged horses, too, but he taught them to creep. I think he learned this in Fife, a county of which it has been said that if it would not teach a man or a horse to squeeze and wriggle over a country, none would. Tom Firr also learned a great deal from his master, and used to save his horses a good deal in this way, besides getting through some very awkward places. I well remember seeing some leaders of the Quorn field stopped by a most formidable-looking bullfinch. I do not think you could see daylight anywhere through it. Tom Firr came up, looked at it, and then proceeded to squirm through it in a way that I think only one man attempted to imitate. The rest had to go back, jump three fences, and then did not see hounds for a quarter of an hour. Colonel Thomson's reminiscences, it may be well imagined, are full of interest, but the present writer would have liked more of his views on the science of hunting. The Pytchley country, on the whole, never had so popular a Master and huntsman as Colonel Thomson. This country was, at that time, full of people, who spoiled their own sport, and then grumbled. "Mine has been a hard-fought battle," wrote Charles Payn, the greatest huntsman, next to Colonel Thomson, who ever carried the horn in Northamptonshire, "for eighteen years with the wildest field in England, heart-breaking to a good sportsman." We are left then to gather such information about the Colonel's methods in the field as we can from hints scattered here and there in his recollections and from one's own remembrances. He believed in a cheery style of hunting, and especially in encouraging hounds over a ride. I am quite sure the way he spoke to his hounds in the cub-hunting season put heart into the young ones, and helped them to understand what they were out for. Colonel Thomson had many different packs during his time, and some that could not be called anything else than scratch ones; but no huntsman made a pack of hounds more quickly than he did. He had a plan when the line ran through a flock of sheep of riding behind the hounds, and, as it were, hustling them over the stained ground, taking the pressure off directly they settled to the clean line on the far side. You never saw Colonel Thomson arrive at a point where there was a holloa with a horse and a horn and no hounds. This is a common fault, and spoils as many runs and loses as much time as any other failing a huntsman can have. Another thing he did, though I have never heard or read of his remarking it, was to gallop fast when hounds were running and he was riding alongside them. My own experience suggests that hounds do

not, as a rule, wish to run away from their huntsman, and if he slackens speed they will go slower than they need. The more influence a huntsman has over his pack the more unwilling they are to leave him. There is no huntsman so slow as a good one who won't gallop. I have seen hounds pull up to a walk, just holding the line, for such an one. Foxhounds, for all their courage and drive, will come to hunt and potter if they are allowed to do so just as otter-hounds will. To gallop hard alongside them and utter what I may describe as a sort of confidential cheer will make them dash forward with renewed drive. Colonel Thomson had a wonderful eye for what hounds were doing, and there can be no better example of this than the chapter (XX., Vol. I., page 844) in which he describes the Waterloo run. He rode five horses, had several falls, and yet he could see which hound hit off the line; from beginning to end of the run Colonel Thomson knew the character and working powers of every hound in the pack. This was one reason why his packs worked well—the drafting of hounds was done so judiciously. There were no drones in the hive. As with his hounds, so with his servants. He weeded out the useless or unsteady ones very quickly, and he saw through the impostors. No man has ever had better servants than he; I have known and hunted with Roake, Firr, and Bailey, all first-rate men, who learned much of what they knew under him. In the amusing accounts of the various hunting tours he made, at first alone and afterwards accompanied by his daughters, he is, I think, rather severe on some of the men whom he saw in the field. William Spiller of the Blackmore Vale, for example, had the misfortune to come under the Colonel's eye on a bad scenting day, when the huntsman was new to the country, knowing nothing of the run of the foxes, and being but little known to the hounds. Spiller afterwards became a most useful servant, and showed good sport; but Colonel Thomson was, to tell the truth, rather out of sympathy with Mr. Guest's system of silence and prohibition of holloas. Theoretically, no doubt, it is quite right to disregard holloas, and allow hounds to hunt. In practice, however, my experience, as one who was once a believer in the silent system, is that on a burning scent, or a very bad one, it answers fairly well; but that on the moderate everyday scents, to which, after all, we have to look for much sport, hounds go too slowly. "Always cheer hounds to cry," is a maxim Colonel Thomson tells us he adopted from the Rev. John Russell, and found it work well. The reminiscences are delightful; they are careless, irrelevant, and interesting as the talk of a pleasant group of guests in a smoking-room. The unsophisticated style in which the story is told gives an impression of unfading youth and freshness. I have read them twice already, with certain judicious skipping, for as Mr. Jorrocks says that all time is wasted that is not spent in hunting, so in a book like this all space is thrown away of which that is not the topic. I shall be surprised, however, if Colonel Anstruther Thomson's recollections do not occupy a permanent place side by side with *The Druid or Nimrod* or the "Life of Assheton Smith" on our shelves.

X.

THE ORNITHOLOGIST IN DENMARK.

THE ornithologist on arriving at a new country is keenly alive to passing glimpses of bird-life. As his steamer approaches the quay he scans eagerly the gulls and terns floating with unconscious grace overhead, noting whether they are simply feeding, or taking food to their sitting mates and young broods; and if the latter, he watches instinctively the direction they take. In like manner after landing he is constantly on the look-out for strange species, and secures a corner seat in a railway journey for the purpose of scrutinising the country and watching for passing birds. It is really wonderful what an idea of the feathered inhabitants of a country can be gleaned from a railway carriage. The first fact which strikes a stranger in Denmark is the great abundance of skylarks. More especially is this the case along the western side of Jutland, where the country is barren and monotonous in the extreme. The song of innumerable skylarks is unceasing, and there is a constant stream of larks ascending and descending throughout the day. The crested lark, though common, is not so much in evidence while travelling, but in the villages this bird is very tame, running about the sandy streets close to the houses in a most familiar manner. On one bye-day when I was unable to go farther afield after larger



R. B. Lodge. BLACK-HEADED GULL. Copyright

game, I took my camera and walked several miles in the hope of becoming acquainted with the crested lark. I certainly saw several, but failed in photographing any of them, or in finding a nest; but on returning to the little village inn there were two crested larks running about just in front of the door, and searching for food on a rudimentary midden-heap which happened to be immediately beneath my bedroom window, from which it would, I think, have been possible to photograph them if I had known of them earlier in the day. One day, on our return from an expedition up the fjord, as our boat was run aground on the shelving sandy beach, and we stepped ashore, we saw a bird running about very unconcernedly almost under the boat's keel. It was a crested lark, the first either of us had ever seen at close quarters. The crest is very marked, being quite upright, and perfectly unlike the way a skylark has of erecting the feathers of the head.

The favoured birds in Denmark are certainly the white stork and the starling. Every cottage has a bird-box for the latter—sometimes hung against the wall, often stuck on a post—in the shape of a little house with painted windows and a door, and two little red chimneys, on which the starlings sit and chatter quite at home. The larger houses have more ambitious accommodation, with separate apartments for about fifty or a hundred

pairs. The starling in Denmark is looked upon as a useful bird, who earns his lodging and keep by devouring insects; while as to the storks, they are here far more abundant than in Holland. Well-nigh every farmhouse has a place reserved for a stork's nest on the gable end of its thatched roof. Most of them are occupied, and even in the country towns it is quite a common sight to see several storks' nests in close proximity. I never saw a Danish boy evince the slightest desire to throw a stone or molest in any way either a starling or a stork, which would certainly be the case in England. The stork is evidently no fool, and knows what he is about in avoiding crossing over to England.

Another conspicuous bird in Jutland is the corn-bunting—conspicuous not in size or appearance, but in numbers. On the telephone wires, which follow the country roads, at intervals of every few yards sits a bunting, uttering its simple and monotonous song. On very windy days—and there never was such a country as Denmark for wind—they appear to sit by preference on the top of the stunted spruce and willow bushes, and take very little notice of the few passers-by.

The prevailing wind is westerly, and on this bleak western side its effects are very apparent; stunted trees, apparently of great age, all forced in the same direction, show unmistakably what a struggle for existence has been theirs. Every farmhouse and every garden has either a screen of growing trees, or, failing that, one of spruce cut down and stuck in the ground. In these trees there is generally a magpie's nest; and in the wooded districts along the east coast, where the hooded crow is exceedingly abundant, so much so as to be the predominant bird, its nest is constantly to be seen in similar situations. Sometimes from the train I noticed hooded crows' nests in quite ridiculous places, low trees, no bigger than bushes, along the roadsides being often chosen by these birds, which, during their winter visit to England, are of such suspicious wariness. They are fine, bold-looking birds, and in spite of their misdeeds, which are many and grievous, I confess to a great liking for the hoodie. His burly figure fits in so appropriately with the winter landscape in the flat Lincolnshire country where I know him best. Near London I have never seen it. I was very anxious

to obtain a clutch of eggs, and went up to four hoodies' nests one day, two of which were empty, and the other two held young birds, and most unholy little wretches they looked. My friend, who didn't want them, having taken them in Scotland, only went up to one nest, which we thought was a raven's, and found five eggs! Such is luck! They are not to be distinguished from eggs of the carrion crow, with

valleys clothed with beech, whose leaves in early May are just at their freshest and tenderest green, one gets most charming little glimpses of the Kattegat; the bluest of blue seas and the most rich but delicate colouring in distance and foreground, make these



R. B. Lodge.

RINGED PLOVER.

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passing vistas most attractive, and long to be remembered for their beauty.

In the forests still remain, though in sadly diminishing numbers, some of the larger raptorial birds which in this country have been all but exterminated in the interests of game preservers. In Denmark the buzzard is found in comparative abundance. Speaking of the buzzard in Germany, Seeböhm in his "History of British Birds," in one trenchant sentence explains the whole situation. He says: "It is very unfortunate for the common buzzard that it looks so like an eagle. The consequence is that in England, where the preservation of game is conducted irrationally, the innocent buzzard has almost become exterminated by the gamekeepers.

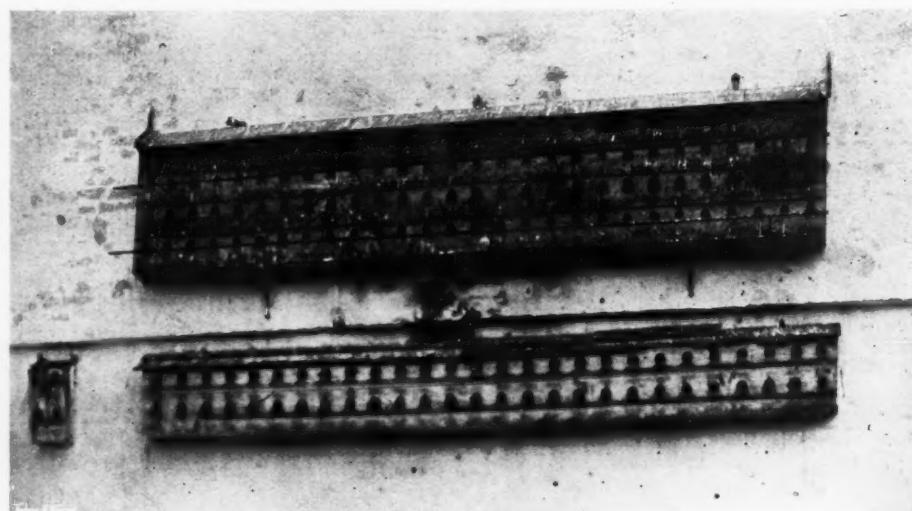
... The Prussian foresters are well educated, and understand the difference between destructive and harmless birds."

The italics are mine. Would that our gamekeepers were equally intelligent, then birds like buzzards and owls, kestrels and hobbies, would be protected instead of persecuted. Seeböhm goes on to describe the food found at several buzzards' nests examined by him.

The larder never contained any remains of birds, but many short-tailed field-mice, in one case as many as thirteen, accompanied by a mole, a blind worm, a frog, and some long-tailed field-mice.

It is, however, in wading birds that Denmark is especially prolific. On the salt marshes nest in abundance the ruff, dunlin, avocet, redshank, black-tailed godwit, shoveller, mallard, with many others, and on the sandy islets in the lagoons and fjords resort millions of terns, lesser, Arctic, Sandwich, and the rare Caspian tern, Kentish and ringed plovers, gulls, both black-headed and common, and the pintail.

R. B. L.



R. B. Lodge.

STARLING BOXES.

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R. B. Lodge.

CORN-BUNTING.

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which in fact they interbreed, the cross being often fertile (*vide* Seeböhm).

The eastern coast is much more fertile, better wooded, and more attractive and picturesque in every way. Through wooded

HESLINGTON HALL SUNDIAL.

HESLINGTON HALL, York, the beautiful Elizabethan house of Lord Deramore, has a garden that is famous for its quaintness among all the gardens of England. This old pleasurehouse retains the features of its early times, and there are strange, curious, and fantastic yews, unlike anything else ever seen on sea or land, and own brothers to the better-known examples at Levens, although no judges' wigs nor royal courtiers are at Heslington shaped out of the ductile yew, and only cylinders, globes, adaptations of beehive forms, and other odd imaginings are there.

There are long vistas such as we depict, and there is a beautiful and characteristic sundial, which possesses a Northern, or even a Scottish, character, with its multitudinous gnomons, such as are found upon dials at Holyrood, Glamis Castle, Drummond Castle, Balcarres, and elsewhere. It stands simply and attractively upon its steps and its pillar, and is the appropriate centre for a grouping of the features of an old and attractive garden.



THE SUNDIAL AT HESLINGTON HALL.



ANY are the quaint old manor houses of Wiltshire which remain as a precious heritage of that beautiful and varied county. The castles of its feudal barons have, indeed, mostly disappeared, or are traced only by the fragments which Time and changes of manners have spared, but of its mansions of the fifteenth and later centuries there is very much to say. Not anywhere else in England do we find houses of our ancestors so numerous and so interesting. Two causes have contributed to the survival of these antique edifices in Wiltshire, while elsewhere their comrades have more rapidly disappeared. In the first place, the local stone is of very durable character, and it was employed by men who built well and solidly. Then the causes which have resulted in changes in other parts of England are wanting in Wiltshire. There are no busy manufacturing centres with their thronging populations and ceaseless necessities, and even the clothing trade, which once made the county prosperous, has departed to enrich the Yorkshiremen, and, we may add, to despoil of much of their beauty the valleys in which they practise their craft.

Thus it is that Keevil Manor, which stands some five

miles south of Melksham, and as many east of Trowbridge, is but one of a goodly brotherhood. Some of its comrades have, indeed, fallen upon evil times, and have been touched by the influences of decay; but there are others, like itself, which are now more jealously guarded than in any previous period. It has been remarked that these old Wiltshire houses are singular in being mostly "ghostless," there being few stories whispered in the evening dusk of the nightly visitants who flit through the galleries or drag their chains in the stairways of houses in the North and other parts of England. This cannot be due to any lack of imagination in the Wiltshiremen, for the pleasing fancy shown in their houses, and even the gardens of Keevil Manor, present conspicuous testimony to the contrary.

The historian has had little to say of this quaint old place. It does not seem to have witnessed any striking events in former times, to be associated with any dramatic story, or to have offered any signal interest to the chronicler. Its attraction for us is in the admirable spirit of its architectural forms and details, and the very notable character of its gardens. The high-pitched gables give boldness and variety to the structure, the many



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THE PORCH.

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THE SOUTH-WEST FRONT.

windows with their mullions and transoms are appropriate and good, and there is a very notable porch with a chamber over it, the doorway having a low Tudor arch, flanked by well-proportioned classic columns. More notable still is the gateway

through which the forecourt is entered, this being a remarkable and beautiful example of the English Renaissance, lacking, perhaps, a little lightness and grace, but sound and good in design and masonry. The arch, the patterns in the spandrels, the pillars and architecture, the singular cresting, and the very handsome niches on either side are all of great interest to the student of architecture. We are told that the gateway and the porch are the work of Inigo Jones, and, though Keevil Manor does not seem to be numbered among his works upon ascertained record, it is not at all unlikely that he was concerned in the design of it, or perhaps that Webb, who carried on his work, and maintained his style and manner very completely, may have been engaged upon the house. It must be confessed that some obscurity clouds our knowledge of the later work of the great architect. Thus Coleshill House, in the same part of England, which must have been in hand about the time of Jones's death, is regarded by some as a very fine example of his style, while other authorities have attributed it to Webb.

We are not, however, concerned to-day with architectural controversies. Our principal purpose is to say something illustrative of the old garden of Keevil Manor, and chiefly of its one very singular feature. It pleased the old Englishman to



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE EAST COVER.

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THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

invest his house with something of spiritual or reflective character, perhaps in some carving, some bit of painted glass, or some biblical verse raised aloft in places, and seen in its perforations against the sky. There were buildings, like Longford

Castle, and a triangular lodge at Rushton Hall, which were said to be symbolical of the Trinity. Out into the garden went the same spirit, and we see how at Keevil Manor it has found expression in the giant clipped yews, known as the Twelve

Apostles. They are magnificent examples of topiary skill, and of patient and continued labour and care in this engaging department of the gardener's craft. In form, these mighty yews approximate to the magnified shape of a pawn upon a chessboard; but it were, perhaps, vain to enquire what veritable objects they took their sculptured bulk from. Their inner significance is their greatest interest, and even the old satirists of "clipped greens" would have found merits in these Wiltshire examples. Perhaps the creator of this garden pleasure would have said with Spenser :

" Then did I see a pleasant paradise,
Full of sweet flowers and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not devise
With pleasures choice to feed his cheerful
sprights."

Those who have studied the many garden pictures which have appeared in these pages, will know that the garden of Keevil Manor does not stand alone. They will remember other gardens in which the moods of the minds of old workers are discovered in the gardens wherein they rejoiced, taking their pleasure in a quieter life than is found in these bustling days of ours, and leaving behind them something of the poetry of their existence. Those great billowy hedges at Cleeve Prior in



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EVERGREEN YEWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Worcestershire, shaped to bring to mind the Twelve Apostles and the Four Evangelists, will not be forgotten. There is also the famous garden at Packwood House, where the Sermon on the Mount is literally represented in clipped trees, there being a green mount of yew, with a conical tree in the midst, standing for our Lord, while around are not only the Twelve Apostles and

associated with fine flower gardening, as is done in the quaint topiary pleasure at Levens Hall, and this is perhaps desirable. It will be noted that the tall clipped yews at Keevil Manor stand adjacent to the mansion, and are seen on passing through the gate. The grouping presented by the curious trees and the old house is very picturesque, and looking in the



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GIANT YEWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Four Evangelists, but even, in the approach, the Multitude. Truly may those who pace such gardens say with the Duke in "As You Like It," "These are counsellors, that feelingly persuade me what I am."

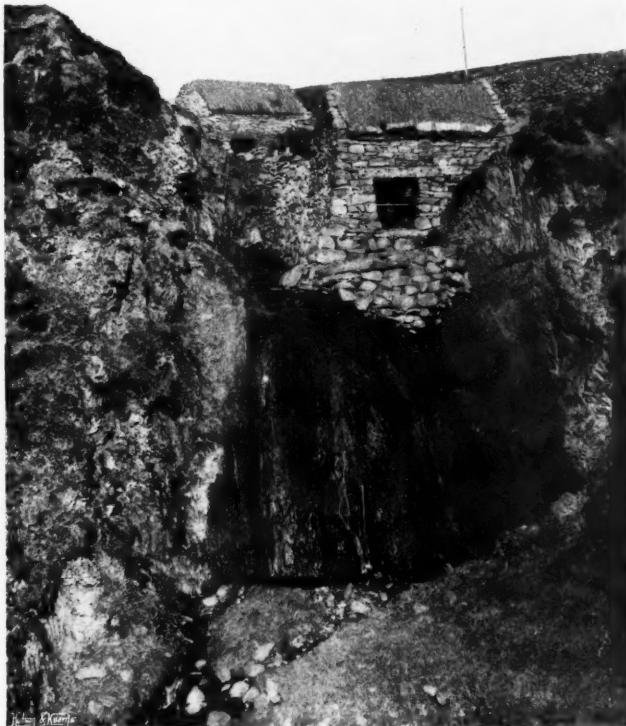
The garden at Keevil Manor is, therefore, not singular, and gains interest from having a few companions in its unusual character. Gardening of this class may certainly be

other direction, from the porch, the old entrance arch and the open country beyond present a very attractive prospect. There are quaint stables and outhouses behind the manor house which have stood there many a long day, and the grouping of structures is most pleasing and picturesque.

Keevil Manor is the seat of Major A. W. Hicks Beach, and the residence of Colonel Sir John Williams Wallington, K.C.B.

CLACK-MILLS.

FROM the time that prehistoric man ground his corn by laborious rubbing between two stones, to the steel rollers and centrifugal dressing reels used in modern milling, is a long stretch. Between these extremes the progress of civilisation was slow, and did not demand the exercise of man's inventive faculties to any great extent, and for centuries the hand-quern was in universal use. Living as he did to a large extent on cereals, the process of grinding immediately concerned man, and the slow method of hand labour must have been a daily care. It must be said, however, that this work lay more within woman's sphere of duty. In countries where running water was fairly well distributed, it was but a natural sequence that the energy running to waste should be taken advantage of, especially in occupations on which the physical life depended. The idea of the application of mechanical power therefore suggested itself to



T. Kent. TWO MILLS USING ONE STREAM. Copyright

some receptive brain, the horizontal water-wheel being the outcome. This was the first great advance in mechanics associated with milling, and though the quern dates from remote antiquity, the water-mill has been in use for centuries. One marvels at the infinitesimal stages of progress in all the fields of human activity previous to the Victorian era. Now one takes as a matter of course the most startling discoveries in science or invention. Notwithstanding all the ingenious aids for man's convenience in this strenuous age, it is interesting to learn that the primitive water-mill still survives in a few localities, and



T. Kent. AN ELABORATE DAM. Copyright



T. Kent. INTERIOR OF A CLACK-MILL. Copyright

although of rude construction and slow in operation, it fulfils its functions as it did over five centuries ago.

Chaucer, in "The Clerke's Tale," says of the tongue of the masterful wile that it "ay clappeth as a mille"; therefore we may infer that the reference was to the mills which must have existed in England at that period. Clack-mills, or clappan-mills, were in use in the North of Scotland, Ireland, and Isle of Man until comparatively recent times. They have also been seen by travellers in Persia, Syria, and Italy, and at one time their distribution must have been general over Europe. At the present day they are still found in remote parts of Sweden and Norway, and in the Faroe Isles; while coming nearer home a considerable number exist in Shetland—perhaps the only place in the world where they are extensively employed. When Sir Walter Scott visited Shetland in 1814, he stated that at that time there were 500 corn-mills of the above type in the islands, and their diminution since then has not been so great as would naturally be imagined. Hand-querns are also in use to some extent in Shetland.

The writer of these notes recently visited the only remaining specimen of a clack-mill in Orkney. It stands in a remote quarter of the mainland, and until a few years ago was out of the beaten track; but the extension of a new branch road through the district has made farmers dispense with its services, as an opportunity is provided of carting their grist to the modern type of mill. The clack-mill has consequently fallen into disuse, but it still retains its character, and by the timely intervention of the

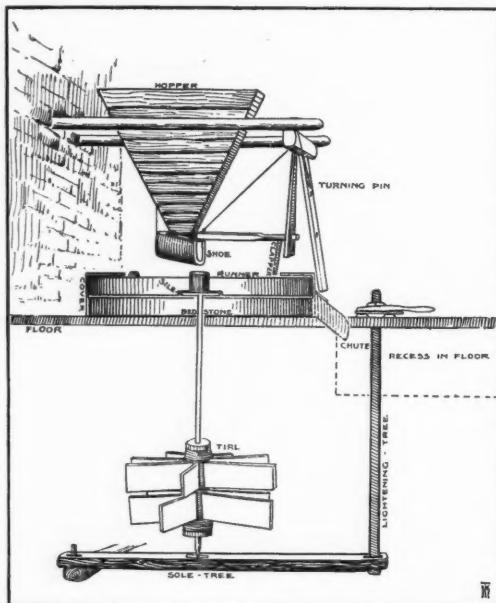
factor controlling the farm on which it stands, it is preserved in remembrance of the customs of a bygone generation. The mill is built on the banks of the longest "burn" in Orkney, which is fed from an extensive range of low hills and bleak moorland. About forty years ago another mill stood farther down the stream, but no trace of it now remains. When water was scarce several of these mills were built close together, and although the first could not grind "with the water that is past," the others used the same current in rotation. An illustration is given of two examples from the Fair Isle, which stand close together, the one using the spent power of the other. The long winter evening was the time usually employed for grinding. If no burn was convenient for a copious water supply, dams were constructed to collect from as many springs and rills as were available. On the west side of the Orkneys a place is shown where a resourceful farmer had made a dam to catch the sea spray blown over and inwards from the cliffs during the heavy winter gales, so that he could store sufficient power to operate his water-mill. The amount of water carried over the cliffs is almost incredible, and the spray is frequently driven across the mainland a distance of about twenty miles. Its effects can be seen on the iron hoops of cart-wheels exposed to its influence, and it can also be detected by taste.

The erection of clack-mills was a company concern, one mill serving the requirements of a certain number of houses, and each farmer contributing his share of material and labour for the upkeep. The Orkney mill illustrated is about 16ft. long by 7ft. wide. It has a ridge roof of flag-stones, supported by couples, and covered with heather thatch. A small pane of glass is set in the roof to admit light over the hopper. A door about 5ft. high gives access to the building, and incidentally provides additional illumination. The grinding apparatus consists essentially of two circular stones about 3ft. in diameter, the upper stone, or runner, being directly connected with the horizontal water-wheel under the floor by a vertical shaft. The shaft also passes through the centre of the lower stone, called the bed-stone, which is stationary. The hopper is supported by two wooden beams set in the wall, their outer ends resting on another beam running at right angles from the wall, a single post supporting the structure from the floor. Immediately under the hopper is the shoe, a scoop-shaped receptacle, from which the grain is fed into the eye of the upper stone. The shoe is suspended from the hopper at its rear. Across the front or open end of the shoe is a wooden bridge, to which is joined a bar of wood extending outwards and loosely passing through a hole in another support. From this bar an arm depends, which is struck once during each revolution of the runner by a small projection on its upper surface. The impact conveys

a slight vibratory motion to the shoe and liberates a little grain each time. This device is called the clapper, and from the sound made probably gave the name to the mill. To further regulate the supply of grain to the central opening a string is attached above the front of the shoe. The cord is carried over one of the wooden beams supporting the hopper and fixed to a movable cleat called the turning-pin,

about halfway down the upright supporting beam. The function of this device is to elevate or depress the mouth of the shoe, allowing more or less grain to escape. In the Shetland mills the clapper is a stone suspended from the shoe, and just touching the upper surface of the millstone, the oscillating movement being conveyed by the irregularities on the top of the runner.

The meal, as it is ground, flows out from between the stones



PLAN OF AN OLD CLACK-MILL.

piece of wood, called the lightening-tree, is hinged to one end of the sole-tree, which supports the spindle underneath. In the inside of the building a small lever engages with the top of the lightening-tree, and by raising or depressing this by means of a thin wedge the meal was ground fine or coarse.

Preparatory to grinding, the oats or corn, thrashed by flail on the earthen floor of the barn, was first dried on the kiln forming part of the same building. It was a circular or barrel-shaped tower at one end of the barn, access being obtained by an inner door 3ft. or 4ft. above floor level. At the level of the door a narrow ledge ran round the inside of the kiln. Across the middle of the space a wooden beam was placed, and resting on it were several short wooden bars called kiln-trees, their other ends

being supported by the ledge. A covering of straw was laid across these kiln-trees, and on it the grain for drying. Communicating with the space underneath was a short passage called the kiln-hogie, at one end of which was placed a huge peat fire. It sometimes happened that this ingle-nook burned with greater vigour than its owner desired, and very often set the kiln on fire. If not too far advanced, the fire was smothered by pulling the central kiln-tree off the ledge and with it the others with their burdens, thus letting the whole arrangement collapse into



T. Kent.

AN ORCadian MILL.

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the bottom of the kiln. To give a flavour to the meal a marrow-bone was often burned along with the peats.

The details of construction, as above briefly explained, also approximately describe the mills of the same species surviving to-day in the Shetlands and in a few other places. It is reasonable to conjecture that their introduction in the British Isles dates from the time of the Norse invasion. Their existence in

the Isle of Man, Ireland, the Hebrides, and the North of Scotland until relatively modern times tends to support such a theory. Where they are still used they are found to adequately and economically do the milling of small crofting townships, and the industrious people who use them are quite satisfied with the homely product, which in appearance does not compare favourably with the finest Hungarian, yet, perhaps, contains a larger proportion of the elements which go to make well-nourished frames and hardy people.

T. K.

IN THE GARDEN.

PLANTS FOR GARDEN VASES—PREPARING FOR SUMMER.

UPN whether vases are well or badly furnished with flowers for the summer months depends much of the summer beauty of those places where this form of garden ornament is prominent. We frequently read that the Geranium should not be tolerated in the garden, but this is carrying a far for hardy things beyond reasonable bounds. The Geranium is a sunny garden flower; its look of strength, brilliancy of colouring, and its almost perpetual season of flowering, secure for it a wide popularity, and in every garden it should be planted with proper restraint. One of the best gardeners of the present day, in answering a question as to the most suitable plants to use for garden vases, replied that no summer plants so exactly suited the purpose as Geraniums. The habit and appearance of the plant are exactly of the right character—rather solid and important, while its stiff, half-woody stems enable it to withstand a good deal of wind. Moreover, it comes to its best in the late summer and early autumn, when the gardens where the important stone vases usually find a home are wanted at their best. They are also plants that gardeners are so well accustomed to growing that they can depend on attaining the result required. The choice of kinds is now so large that there is plenty of alternative, but there can be little doubt that for general good effect those of the softer scarlet colourings and those inclining to a salmon tint are the best. Nothing can well beat the salmon-coloured double King of Denmark. The colour is delightfully satisfying to the eye both of the critical and untaught; the doubling is just double enough—it gives the flower an expansive richness without crowding of petals. It also has the merit of a handsome and well-marked leaf; in short, it is a type of beauty for a vase, as for any other use of these indispensable summer flowers. Geraniums are rather better in vases than in beds, because the vase becomes warmed, and with daily watering the conditions it offers are exactly what the plants like best—sun warmth to root and top and free air all round. So, to recapitulate the main part of the answer to the question as to the best plants for vases, it is, Geraniums are far and away the best. Nothing is so well dressed or so exactly suited to this use. Whether or not to add some Ivy-leaved sorts to hang over the edge is a matter that must be determined by the form and place of the pot, but they are generally more suitable to a thing of larger design. The choice of the pot plants must depend also on the degree of shelter of the place where the pots or vases stand. In a very sheltered place the best of the Petunias are good pot plants. The best means the good whites, whether single or double, the purples being nearly all infected with an unpleasant rankness of colouring that makes them unbearable to the critical colour eye. They have the advantage of remaining long in beauty, for it must be remembered that the pot plant must be long-enduring; it is no use to have a thing that is in beauty for a month—it must be in beauty for three months. A vase in a sheltered place, 2ft. high, and as much broad, reckoned independently of any plinth or pier on which it may stand, might be beautifully dressed with a standard Heliotrope in the middle, about 2ft. 9in. high, with base planting of white Petunia, or the standard of such a height as would show just a little of the stem free above the Petunias. A very well-grown Fuchsia of the Mme. Cornellison type, or any red and white double that is not too double, would also be a good centre plant. Here the pendant habit of the plant would seem to encourage the use of a red or white Ivy Geranium to carry on the same idea throughout.

CINERARIAS AT FARNHAM ROYAL.

Near where the Burnham Beeches end with a quaint clustering of old-world cottages that go by the name of "Egypt" is a nursery of flowers. It is a nursery of certain kinds. Early in the year the Chinese Primrose and the Persian Cyclamen gleam in the weak sunshine of winter, and as these pass to their seed-bearing stage the Cinerarias in richer colourings fill several houses with perfume and a certain dashing beauty that seems to belong to the flower. It may be called a home of the Cineraria, for in these houses Messrs. J. James and Son grow varieties that are known in many lands, and raised

under their fostering and intelligent care to their present perfection. Before Messrs. James fixed their attention upon the Cineraria, it was in a ragged and uninteresting transition stage. There were immense possibilities, and with the seeing eye of the florist imperfections were removed until the races became strong and leafy, and burdened with wide-spreading masses of flowers of great colour range, and individually of perfect shape and clearness. It is a brilliant picture this, and reflected, we are happy to say, in many of the greenhouses and conservatories in the land. All may not love a Cineraria, but no one can deny its brilliancy and cheerfulness under glass when our thoughts turn to the pleasant springtime of the year. It is needless almost to individualise, as the varieties are not named; but the flowers pass from white to red, crimson, blue, purple, and other shades, sometimes white with blue edge, and sometimes purely self. This firm also has a beautiful collection of "stellata" hybrids; it may be asked, What does this mean? The stellata hybrids are the result of another cross, and they differ greatly from the varieties just described. The plants are tall, often several feet high, and have long, willowy, branching stems lined with flowers that sometimes suggest a little star—hence the name; and their colours are very varied—white, purple, rose, pink, and all the shades, we should think, in the flower world. The Cineraria, of whatever class, is very easily grown. The dwarf varieties appeal to some more than those of freer and, it must be confessed, more graceful growth, but there is sufficient choice for many tastes. The nearest station to the nursery is Slough.

RECENT NEW PLANTS.

A White Amaryllis.—One of the most remarkable plants at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society was an Amaryllis named Snowdon. Since the Amaryllis became a popular flower it has been the aim of the hybridist to produce a variety with white petals. Several in existence are greenish white, but it has been left for Mr. Fielden, gardener to Mrs. Burn, South Mymms Park, near Hatfield, to produce this famous variety, in which all the greenish colouring has been practically eliminated. It is not absolutely pure, but so much so that it may be called "the white Amaryllis" without exaggeration. The flower itself is noble in its proportions, broad short segments supported upon a strong stem, and hybridists with this variety to mark an era in the history of the Amaryllis have something new to work upon in producing novelties in the future.

A New Fern.—A Fern that will be in the near future, if we mistake not, in many gardens was shown before the Royal Horticultural Society recently. It is called *Pteris Summersi*, and came from the well-known nurseries of Messrs. H. B. May at Edmonton. It is of the right kind to become popular. The growth is remarkably vigorous, and the fronds bend with the weight of heavy tasselling. The Fern it most resembles is *Pteris serrulata cristata*, which is one of the plants usually seen in all choice decorations, but this new comer is harder even than the old favourite, and its beautiful tasselling and cresting will add to its value.

DAVID LUCAS.

HOW many of our best artists have been allowed to live in poverty and die in complete obscurity! William Blake and Wilson, the landscape painter, are two notable examples, and to their names can be added that of the most gifted landscape engraver our country ever produced.



After Constable.

"SALISBURY CATHEDRAL."

Engraved by Lucas.



After Constable.

"THE LOCK."

Eng. Lucas.

DAVID Lucas is now justly celebrated for his engravings of Constable's pictures, but during his lifetime his work was only appreciated by a limited few, with the result that he died in great poverty after many troubled years of strife and disappointment. What wonder that "he gave way to intemperate habits and abandoned his art"? After gaining the highest praises from Leslie and John Constable, under whose immediate direction he worked, the last thirty-five years of his life seem to have been spent entirely without patronage of any description. He never had the good fortune of a commission to engrave a single work by Turner, Gainsborough, Müller, de Wint, or David Cox. And yet, from the sympathy and power with which he rendered such complicated and difficult subjects as "The Rainbow—Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows," or "Dedham Vale," it is not difficult to conceive that he would have acquitted himself with equal success in the works of other artists of repute. David Lucas seems to have had bad luck throughout his life. In 1834 the two magnificent plates of "The Lock" and "The Cornfield" were published, yet these did not prevent the election of Cousins to the vacancy of "Associate Engraver" to the Royal Academy when the occasion presented itself. Whilst Cousins was patronised by Sir Thomas Lawrence, the President of the Academy, not even the strenuous efforts of a Constable could obtain any honour for a man of Lucas's talents. Two years later Constable died, and with his death

Lucas lost his principal patron. His decline, from that period, seems to have taken a slow but unbroken course. "Dedham Vale," one of his finest plates, was published in the year following Constable's death, but with the exception of an unsuccessful venture of publishing a series of fourteen plates at six guineas a set, only two more dated engravings have been discovered from that period to the time of his death in 1881. That long silence after Constable's death speaks for itself. No doubt an engraver's success depends considerably upon the subjects he treats.

In those days Constable's pictures were scarcely appreciated, so that it cannot be surprising if the engravings of his works should have found few purchasers. But what is disconcerting is the fact that no art publisher should have detected the quality and value of Lucas's work. To-day his plates fetch far more than £10 apiece, which was the modest price Constable paid for the series which he produced. One cannot suppress the uncomfortable reflection that had Sir Thomas Lawrence patronised David Lucas, his fate and his rival's might have been reversed. Cousins made a fortune, and died leaving handsome bequests in the cause of charity, whilst poor Lucas, now considered the greater and more original artist of the two, was allowed to die after years of poverty and degradation in the Fulham Workhouse.



After Constable.

"DEDHAM VALE."

Eng. Lucas.

RACING NOTES.

THE contests for the spring handicaps came to an end when Ypsilanti, for the second time, won the most valuable of all, the Kempton Jubilee, carrying the welter burden of 9st. 5lb., on Saturday. In striking contradistinction to this result, the Chester Cup was won on the previous Wednesday by Sandboy (who, a fortnight earlier, had run unplaced in a selling hurdle race at Worcester), carrying bottom weight. There was nothing in his previous record which would attract attention to his chance, even with the modest impost of 6st. 2lb.; but he evidently enjoyed the confidence of his stable, who had two other candidates in Mark Time and Templemore, either of whom seemed to have the race at his mercy. After a long period of apparent indecision Sandboy and Mark Time were sent to the post, and they finished first and second. The victory of the latter, who had run well in public and was unlucky to miss winning the Great Metropolitan at Epsom, would have been more popular, but the two are in different ownerships, they ran the race out, and I see no reason to criticise the policy of those responsible for letting them both run, especially as there is £300 for the second. Mr. Singer's Torrent started equal favourite with Sandboy, although on his public performances he could have no chance of beating Mark Time. Throwaway, who was second in the race last year, finished third. The remaining races at Chester were not of a very interesting description. The Great Cheshire Handicap was won by Gower, whose owner, Lord Ellesmere, seldom has any luck in handicaps, after a good race with Sun Bonnet, an aged mare who, after a useful career as a selling-plater, seems to improve every year she runs. Andrea Ferrara was once a fairly

useful performer, but he has evidently had as much racing as he cares for, and although the Wynnstay Handicap seemed to be made for him, he could, or rather would, only finish second to another uncertain animal in Flavus. There was a good race for the Dee Stakes for three year olds, Islesman and Cinquefoil running a desperate race, which resulted in favour of the former by a head. This fairly confirmed their running as two year olds, both having an equally creditable record.

The two days at Kempton were somewhat marred by dismal weather, but this did not seem to have any appreciable effect on the attendance in the club enclosure, although the King, who was present on Friday, abandoned his intention of witnessing the Jubilee. Proceedings commenced with the Westminster Handicap, which brought the respectable proportion of eleven out of the eighteen weighted to the post, and was won by Merry Andrew. A great race followed in the Sunbury Selling Plate for two year olds, Tarquin, the Departure gelding, and Evacuation fighting out a desperate struggle and finishing in the order named. A field of eleven (the same number as in the two previous races) turned out for the May Plate for three year olds, in which Admiral Breeze and St. Day, the former with a 7lb. penalty, renewed the antagonism which resulted in favour of the former at Sandown, and the race, as indicated by the betting, was generally regarded as a match between the pair. Neither had anything to do with the finish, and to the surprise of everyone except his trainer and owner, Vril, who had succumbed the previous week at Newmarket to Housewife, although he had 23lb. the best of the weights, carried Lord Carnarvon's colours, under Lane's capable guidance, to an easily achieved victory, with Imari, second to Jean's

Folly at Newmarket, and St. Day occupying "places" three lengths behind him. Vril was claimed by his present owner last year out of a selling race, and he evidently requires the assistance of a strong jockey to make him show what he is capable of. The Stewards' Handicap of £1,000 over six furlongs with eighteen runners provided the best betting race of the day. Most of the competitors had a quotation of some sort, the three year old Roseate Dawn, probably because he represented Beckhampton in preference to Challenger, starting favourite, with Skyscraper, on the strength of a good performance at Epsom, next in demand. But, although the latter was meeting Bachelor's Fancy on 13lb. better terms than in the Great Surrey Handicap, where she finished second to her, she was never prominent, whereas the Epsom winner scored easily, Chaucer and Cossack, who ran a great race under 9st. 4lb., finishing second and third. The unbeaten Vedas strengthened previous estimates of his excellence by cantering away with the Spring Two Year Old Plate, conceding 13lb. to the second, Queen of the Earth, a daughter of Flying Fox, who made 3,300 guineas as a yearling, and a good day's racing ended with the disgraceful defeat of The Solicitor in an Apprentices' Plate, won by the Selling Plater Energetic.

Cold, rainy, and cheerless as Saturday was, the attendance, although outside the club it was considerably below the average, bore eloquent testimony to the hold the most valuable of the spring handicaps, the Kempton Jubilee, has on popular esteem. No race of the class has gratified so often the sporting taste of the racing public, who love to see a good horse set a big task and perform it successfully. In all the records of the race, it has only once been won by a bad horse—loyalty to my Sovereign forbids my naming the animal; and among the winners in different years are enrolled the names of such equine celebrities as Bendigo, Minting, Victor Wild, Orvieto, Santo, and others *quos prescribere longum est*. The race on the present occasion, both in the quality of the field brought to the post and in the result, was in every way worthy of its own previous magnificent traditions. It was a very good-looking lot that presented themselves for paddock inspection. Last year's three year olds were fairly represented by such winners as Surbiton, Countermark, General Cronje, and Kilglass, while in L'Aiglon, who started favourite, we saw a colt who, but for inability to get through the ordeal of training, would have found many friends for last

year's Derby. Of the older division Bachelor's Button had repeatedly run forward in big handicaps, the last occasion being in the City and Suburban, when, in company with Dean Swift and Cerisier, who again were among the competitors, he was one of the leading lot behind the winner; Hazafi, third last year, was again present to do battle for Hungary, while Ireland had representatives in St. Brendan, who was backed to beat all our horses in the Leger of 1902, and Templemore, the hero of many handicap victories two seasons back. Newsboy was the only other



W. A. Rouch.

THE PADDOCK WEARS A SOMBRE ASPECT.

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three year old besides Dean Swift. His performances last year entitle him to respect, but he is rather a plain-looking, leggy colt, and by his appearance seems better qualified for contests over the T.V.C. than for races over a longer distance. There was a long delay at the post owing chiefly to Kilglass being disinclined to face the barrier. Eventually he got away with his field, who were headed alternately by L'Aiglon, Dean Swift, and Countermark till the turn for home, soon after which the favourite hung out signals of distress, and for a short space the race appeared to lie between Cerisier and General Cronje, but they were gradually overtaken by Ypsilanti, who won a good race by three-quarters of a length. The powerful Netheravon stable has thus won three of the big spring handicaps, taking the Lincoln with Uninsured and the two big Kempton events with Ypsilanti, who was purchased by Mr. Cunliffe as a three year old out of a selling race. One



W. A. Rouch.

THE WINNER OF THE JUBILEE STAKES.

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feels almost sorry there is not one more chance for Cerisier, who will surely never be in a big handicap on such favourable terms again. Fourth in the Lincoln, third in the City, and second in the Jubilee, it looks as if he could go still one better with a fourth opportunity. However, his new owner, Lord Westbury, has, I believe, backed him for a place on each occasion, and his disappointment is probably not unmitigated by pecuniary consolation. Many visitors left after the big race, and although the one following, a two year old selling race, produced a close contest between the representatives of the two lucky stables, Major Edwardes's and Lord Carnarvon's, they missed little. Cossack played with two moderate opponents in the Teddington Plate, which he won as he liked, although his jockey allowed Mary Belle to make the semblance of a race, and the verdict was only a neck. Lord Durham's useful old slave Osbech had an equally easy job in the Durham Plate, which concluded a successful meeting. Big fields had contested the two handicaps which preceded the Jubilee, Mr. Stedall's Rayleigh, who on previous occasions had missed success, by breaking blood vessels, winning the Shepperton Selling Handicap, for which he started at 10 to 1, the exact price offered against Mr. Thursby's Eastern Prize, who won the five-furlong Hampton Handicap, thanks to an advantage gained at the start and maintained throughout the race. If the unseasonable weather made us hasten to the train with some feeling of relief, I think we carried away grateful memories of two days' thoroughly enjoyable racing, and congratulations are due to the popular manager of the meeting, Mr. Seymour Portman, to whose exertions the prestige of the Kempton Jubilee is chiefly due. KAPPA.

POLO NOTES.

THE Trial Tournament at Hurlingham having been given up, the interest of the first week of the season centred at Ranelagh, where Mr. Gill and Captain Jenner had arranged for a handicap tournament. The entry was an excellent one; the managers had enough names to provide nine teams, and all went pleasantly enough except for a rather heavy fall of rain at the end of the week. The list of players shows us that there is



W. A. Rouch. THE PARADE FOR THE JUBILEE STAKES.

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a fair proportion of new names among the players. Ranelagh has evidently been successful in enlisting recruits for the game. Newblood is wanted, and I see no reason to suppose that it will not be found. Nor do I think the proportion of young players is unsatisfactory, if we recollect that the polo at the county clubs has not only increased in quantity, but improved in quality, and that a player living within reach of such clubs as the Blackmore Vale at Sherborne, the Warwickshire at Leamington, or several others that might be named, will probably have more games, and as good, as he would enjoy in London. Then again such clubs as Eden Park and the London Polo Club have the advantage of being less expensive than the older clubs. Thus, because we see not a very large number of fresh names at Hurlingham or Ranelagh, are we to conclude that polo is making no progress? On the contrary, it is likely that London polo will always draw the leading players; but it does not do to suppose that the names one reads in the papers represent a twentieth part of the actual players. I have counted as many as 100 ponies at Ranelagh and nearly as many more at Roehampton. These are down for members' games, and the names of their owners will never appear in print until the day when they have worked their way up into the first rank of players. I can remember the time when it was easy to describe every player and when every player and pony was known. We have only to look at Tattersall's catalogues, which often contain 100 ponies in a week for sale, to see how times have changed. Mr. Noel Price and Mr. Scott Robson were very strong in defence, and the backs keeping the ball well up to their forwards, they pressed hard for most of the time. Indeed, they were winners from the first of the four periods. They were never really pressed, and won by six goals to love against E Team. Most of the players in that team were comparatively new, and lacked combination and confidence. In the next ties (C), Mr. Duff, Mr. Leslie Wilson, Captain W. H. Lambton, and Mr. Gill made up a very powerful, hard-hitting team, and they forced the pace and the game from start to finish. For the

losing team (B), Captain L. C. D. Jenner, the new polo manager, played a fine uphill game, but no efforts could alter the result; C won by seven goals to one.

There were some well-known players on the ground when the handicap was continued at Ranelagh on Wednesday. F Team, for example, included Lord Harrington, Mr. Guy Gilbey, and Mr. A. de Las Casas, with Mr. Jonssen, who is new to me, as fourth man. This team had the two severest struggles of the tournament, and they beat D, for which the well-known captain of The Magpies, Mr. Thynne, was playing back, by five goals to four. The game was in doubt all the time, and it was not until an extra period had been played that F qualified for the final, in which they were met by Mr. R. J. L. Ogilby, Mr. J. W. Hornsby, Mr. H. C. S. Ashton, and Mr. J. C. de Las Casas. This team showed capital form in both their matches, and beat both A and C, the second being the one some of us picked out as the probable winners of the tournament. As is usual at Ranelagh, Mr. Gill had handicapped his teams very well, and there were several really close and exciting struggles. On the whole, this has been one of the best handicap tournaments we have had for some seasons. Ranelagh is fortunate in having two polo managers both of whom are fine players.

The members' games at all five of the London clubs give one the idea of there being many young players coming on of great promise. One of the causes of good play is the example set by the old players, whose methods are well worth careful observation by the beginner. There are, for example, Colonel Renton and Mr. Buckmaster, who surpass all other players in the matter of style. They are not only among the most effective, but also the most graceful of players, and they shine where many otherwise fine players fail, in horsemanship. The more closely I study polo the more convinced I am that real excellence at the game is impossible without something more than the ordinary power to stick on a horse. I have not seen Mr. P. W. Nickalls this year, but he has something of the same grace of style as the two players noted above. Mr. Buckmaster was in splendid form, both at Hurlingham and Roehampton, and it was interesting to see how well, at the latter club, Captain Godfrey Heseltine, the new back of The Old Cantabs, fitted into his captain's play. Then there is Captain Miller, not a very strong man and handicapped by his arm. Yet you will never see him place a ball without knowing beforehand what he wants to do, and as captain of a team he is next to Mr. John Watson, one of the most capable we have. None of these players is ever in a hurry, yet they are always at work. Colonel Renton and Captain Miller were both trained in the 17th Lancers—the Duke of Cambridge's Own. Many of us will recollect what pleasure it gave the old Commander-in-Chief to see his regiment win the Inter-Regimental last year. So far only two regimental teams have been out; the 2nd Life Guards playing at Hurlingham, and the 21st Lancers at Roehampton last week. A fairly strong team were selected to oppose the Lancers, which included Captain Chaplin and Major Kirk, the latter one of the best-known players in India and Egypt. He is a strong hitter with great control of the ball, and should, as he becomes used to his ponies and the grounds, take a high place among our soldier players. He is also a fine horseman. The Roehampton team beat the Lancers by forcing the pace. The Lancers team were excellent in style and combination, but were certainly a little slow.

The 2nd Life Guards have a very smart team, and Mr. Ashton is undoubtedly, as he showed in the Ranelagh Tournament, and again at Hurlingham, a player of promise. Among the other well-known players out during the week, besides those mentioned above, were Mr. R. W. Hudson, Mr. Horlick, Mr. Edgar Brassey, and Mr. Garland. At the London Polo Club the Rifle Brigade, from Chatham, intend to play regularly, and Mr. Eustace Blake has fifty good ponies to let out this year. At Eden Park they began the season with a handicap tournament. The arrangement of the teams was a very good bit of work, as the final score of the handicap

shows. The team that scored most goals were to win, and each team had two matches to play. The final score shows, by the small difference of five goals between the first and last team, how nicely the handicap was adjusted. In the end, D Team, Messrs. Hawes, F. Smith, G. Sladen, and L. C. Bucknall, won with seven goals, the other scores being six, four, and two.

For the season's tournaments players will note that there are some changes for the Roehampton Cup; no team is to include more than two of the Hurlingham list of first-class players. At Ranelagh the Hunt Cup is for the future to be limited to subscribers of £20 instead of £10, as formerly, to the funds of the Hunt they represent. The Novices' Cup is also to be played under improved and severer conditions. Previous winners are barred, and no team is to include men who have played in winning teams for the Roehampton Cup, the Junior Championship, or the Public Schools' Cup. If the weather, which just now as I write is both wet and cold, will permit, polo players and amateurs of the game should see an interesting match at Hurlingham in the final of the Social Clubs' Tournament.

X.

WHERE THE BOATS FIND REST.

THE Commission appointed to enquire into the possibilities of further accommodation for His Majesty's warships did not present a report very flattering to the harbours on our coast; yet, so far as concerns the requirements of smaller vessels, there are plenty of havens, natural and otherwise, in which the fishing and coasting craft can lie at peace with the world. Those who pitch their tents during the summer holiday at a harbour town will find



MEVAGISSEY.

reason both to regret and to rejoice. The drawbacks consist chiefly in the often disagreeable condition of our harbours at low tide, particularly where there is a busy pilchard or herring fishery in active progress. Whitby, Mevagissey, and St. Ives are perhaps the worst for the nose, though among the most pleasing to the eye. Another disadvantage, particularly where there are small and elusive children in the party, is the danger of drowning by falling off steep quays slippery with fish. On the other hand, the advantages are so numerous as almost to outbalance these minor drawbacks. The picturesqueness of a large harbour, the continual interest of the craft moving in and out, the ebb and flow of life, the convenience of the harbour for boating and fishing, enabling one to get out when the inshore surf would otherwise keep the fishermen ashore—these are incontestable benefits.

The beauties of a harbour depend much on the point of view. To the bare eye there is not always much beauty in a stretch of wet sand with a few craft heeling over on their sides. Yet the same material in a photograph may be pleasing in the extreme, while the high-water picture, with all the masts upright, and the harbour tugs busy taking out the loaded craft and bringing in others from foreign parts, is in its way equally attractive.

The difference between a natural and an artificial harbour is well illustrated by the neighbouring towns of Yarmouth and Lowestoft. At the former there is the natural estuary of the Yare River, and this forms the fishing harbour for the town. At Lowestoft, on the other hand, although there is a river, the harbour may be regarded as artificial, the work and property of the enterprising Great Eastern Railway Company, whereas that of Yarmouth belongs to the Corporation. During a recent tour of the coast, from Northumberland round to Cumberland, I had scores of opportunities of photographing harbours of different class and at all stages of the tide, and a few of the results are given here by way



NEWLYN.

of illustrating the more familiar types of English and Welsh harbours.

One of the most picturesque and least useful harbours is that at Scarborough; one of the best at all stages of the tide is that at Newlyn, the scene of the famous riots of 1896. Brixham and Plymouth are always beautiful, thanks largely to their sailing trawlers. The Swansea Harbour Trust has lately made great efforts to improve the quay accommodation and depth alongside, and the recent increase of trade at the port is proof of the success of its enterprise. Pwllheli, too, in North Wales, is to have a new harbour. It wants it. Pwllheli is a charming little place, with a great future before it as a watering-place. But I

never looked at its lagoon of a harbour without being reminded of Dan Leno's famous account of the river at the bottom of his garden, which—well, it wasn't exactly a river—it was the overflow from the gasworks. F. G. AFLATO.



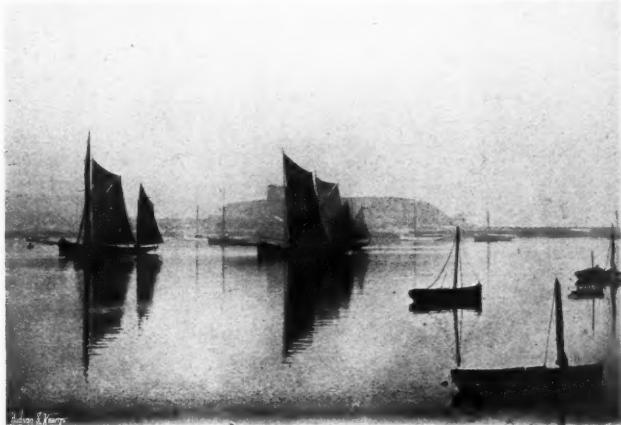
ST. IVES.

ON THE GREEN.

TIME was when the medals of the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews seemed the most important prizes that the golfing universe held. Everybody that was anybody in

the world of golf thought it his duty to be present; but the everybody of that day, in a golfing sense, was not a very large body; the number of golf clubs at that time was in very small proportion to their number now. There are other meetings that compete in glory with the meetings of the club that is Royal and Ancient. The sense of duty to attend these latter meetings is less strong, and finally the result is that, though they are perhaps as numerously attended as ever, they do not draw to themselves anything like the proportion of the golfing world that they used to draw. If they did so, there would be congestion worse congested, by many times, even than it is already on those well-worn links, and golfing life would be altogether insupportable.

The spring meeting never was quite so popular as the autumn meeting. Autumn is the date that brings people to Scotland; and the Sassenach has



PLYMOUTH.



MARYPORT.

a very prudent respect for the Scottish spring. The wind is not tempered to the shorn lamb in the East Neuk of Fife.

Accepting, however, all discounts, they seem to have had a very good assembly at St. Andrews for this spring medal, and, what is more wonderful, good weather. There was only one score out of the lot that was distinguished at all—distinguished, that is to say, by excellence; others there may have been that were distinguished otherwise, but with them we have no concern. Mr. Maxwell went round in 79. This was the score of distinction; no

and he fell back to 80. This put him sixth, a stroke worse than Taylor and a stroke better than Jack White, Sherlock, and Kinnell; C. R. Smith of West Middlesex was third, with a handicap of one stroke on each round, and D. Stephenson of Huntercombe fourth. That is all about the Southern Professionals' Cup.

In the North, that is to say, more exactly, at Troon, the ladies, gathered together for their amateur championship, have been playing International team matches; and the first of these, in which England defeated Scotland at the Scottish game, was the occasion of a rather curious incident. One of the competitors on the Scottish side found her ball in casual water on the putting green—the day was very ungallantly wet—and in accordance with the general rule of golf, played from behind the water. At Troon they have a local rule that a ball so lying may be played from a spot beside the water, but not nearer the hole; but of this local rule the player was ignorant. The team match was so close that it is possible that the general result was affected by this ignorance. There are very many, among whom I count myself, who think it would be much fairer if this local rule of Troon were adopted as the rule of golf, for it seems very hard that one whose ball lies in water nineteen yards from the hole (therefore technically on the putting green) should be obliged to go behind the sheet of water to play, while another whose ball is in the same sheet of water at twenty-one yards from the hole is allowed to play from the side. That is what happens under the present legislation.

The other most interesting happening in these team matches was the game between Miss Rhona Adair and Miss Neville in the England and Ireland match. Ireland won the team business, but the match between the lady champions of the two countries ended all even, with honours, perhaps, to Miss Neville, who is not quite so famous as the Irish lady.

Harry Vardon is in bronze at the Academy, also in bronze by Hal Ludlow at a gallery in Jermyn Street. I have seen a picture of the latter representation, and it is very good. The finish of the driving stroke is the pose taken, and it is satisfactory. This is the moment that most of the sculptors of the golfer have chosen, and in some cases have produced what looks, at first glance, more like a left-handed man at the top of his swing than a right-handed man at the finish. But this wrong suggestion does not seem to occur with Harry Vardon's finish as sculptured by Mr. Ludlow. I am inclined to think that this is due rather to the model than to the sculptor. This may be said without taking from the latter any of the high praise that is his due. The figure at the Academy I have not seen.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.



THE HOUSE AND THE BORDER.

one else went round in less than 83. This *proxime accessit* was done by Mr. J. B. Pease, who thus won the second medal. Neither Mr. Edward Blackwell nor Mr. W. H. Fowler, who won first and second medals respectively last year, did over well, though the latter was only a stroke off the second medallist's score. Still this score in itself was hardly good enough—*altiora peto*.

That, which might do for a course of high carries like Sandwich rather than for the relatively flat St. Andrews, must have been the spirit in which Harry Vardon went to work in his second round for the Southern Professionals' Competition at Southall. He took 82 to his first round, which, for him, is villainous. Nor need allowance be made for him on the score of recent convalescence, because he had been playing very well before this. It may be, however, that the first competition round after his rest may have been something of a strain. In any case, he tackled the second round with all his old dash and wonderful accuracy, scoring 71, which was one of the two lowest rounds done on the day. Vardon's return to public golf was the most interesting feature of the meeting, and next to that we may put the queer fact that Braid has now won this particular competition three years in succession. The prize is the "Tooting Bee" Cup. J. M. MacLaren of Hampstead tied with Braid for the cup at an aggregate of 147 for the two rounds, and showed good pluck in playing off. He had a handicap of three strokes a round, and going to the last hole in the deciding round had a lead of one stroke (gained, it is to be said, by rather a startling piece of combined play and good fortune at the seventeenth hole) from Braid; but he played a very weak shot which found the furze (in which nobody found the ball) going to the last, and took six to Braid's three. The only other round besides Harry Vardon's, of 71, was done by Charles of the West Middlesex Club, whose name appears for the first time so high as this on the roll of fame. But it was too good for him to keep going in the afternoon (is it not often thus?).

AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE garden portrayed on this and the following page is hidden in an unfrequented village in the heart of Berkshire. It claims no distinction, and is of no importance in the great roll of beautiful gardens of England; it is only a sweet homely spot, sanctified by tradition extending back into the past—the traditions of humble, honest folk who planted dear old-fashioned flowers, and loved them and tended them so well that they are ours for all time. We can only guess at the age of this garden. We know that there has been a tanyard on this spot since the reign of James I., and that a certain worthy tanner, Giles Carter by name, built, in 1717, the present little red-brick house, with its many-tinted tiles, and its white window frames, typical of the architecture of that period.



THE MILL POND.

But I cannot think, however, that the venerable yew hedge that enfolds the three acres of orchard and garden has been only 200 years growing, and, in my own mind, believe that here was a garden fair some 400 years ago, and that some other house then stood here.

The broad herbaceous borders ascend gently for 130yds. to a quaint wooden summer - house, and these borders are separated from the orchards on each side by clipped laurel hedges. These borders are beautiful at all times with old-world and new-world flowers. Soon after the green whorled golden aconite peeps out of the orchard grass, and the first snowdrop proclaims the floral year's awakening, the daffodil spears pierce the brown earth, and the march of the flowers begins in good earnest: Primroses of all colours, single and double, polyanthus of every shade, double daisies, white and red, forget-me-not, and purple aubretia, and poppy anemones—a lovely crowd—to be followed soon by blazing giant poppies, heaven blue delphiniums, and great clumps of lupine, white and purple spiked. Then comes the long and gorgeous sequence of summer flowers, until in the autumn masses of phlox,



THE LONG WALK LOOKING NORTH,

supply on the rainfall and some uncertain springs at its source five miles above. From the placid pool in the picture it dribbles through the cranky wheel of the old mill, or, when the sluices are opened, rushes impetuously on its beautiful journey to the Thames, there to begin a turmoil of life very different from the perfect peace of our old Berkshire village, where we cannot even hear the sound of a train, and where a rarely-passing motor brings the amazed inhabitants to their doors.

A. DE L. L.

A BOOK OF . . THE WEEK.

TO some of us it appears a little strange to see men who were alive but yesterday getting bound into series of classics. The writer happened to take up a volume of this kind the other night. It was in a series called "The King's Poets," and itself

was named *The Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems*, by William Morris, edited by Robert Steele (The De La More



THE ROSE GARDEN.

Michaelmas daisies, harpalium in golden glory, and white marguerites end the year's tale of floral beauty. Over the pergola, which we built only two years ago, the clematis and Penzance briars, the sweet briars and honeysuckle, and rambler roses have hardly yet had time to manifest themselves in all their glory; but the filberts that hedge the orchard push through the interwoven larch poles, so that overhead tempting bunches of nuts hang within reach, and the wandering bough of a near apple tree rests willingly on the strong arms, and showers its flower petals on the violet bed beneath. Under the pergola tall white lilies bloom the better for a little shade, and purple auriculas make their home. The snowdrops lie in the orchard so thick you would sometimes think the snow still lingered on the springing grass. The kitchen garden, which lies close by, is bordered entirely with white pinks, and we have bushes of Provence and old Boursault roses for our pot-pourri, with a great lavender hedge, and sturdy rugosa roses to give us their beautiful red fruit for the winter.

Our village is watered by the little river Pang, which flows into the Thames at Pangbourne, six miles below, a tributary here in its infancy, depending a good deal for its water



THE PERGOLA.

Press). To glance over the pages is to feel, as one always has done, that Morris, whether a major or a minor poet, was, at least, a true singer, and yet certain traces of dissatisfaction, the seeds of which were discernible in his lifetime, are somewhat emphasised by a later reading. Mr. Robert Steele, the editor of the series, unconsciously to himself goes a long way to account for this. He has written an introduction, which is little more than an essay, meant to instal Mr. Morris in his correct place among the romanticists. He even makes a little table, in which he traces the pedigree as it were of the movement. One of our horsey contributors might put it thus: Morris out of Ruskin, by Carlyle out of Tennyson, by Scott out of the relics of ancient poetry, by Ossian. In plainer English, Morris fell very much under the influence of his famous contemporaries. "Carlyle's Past and Present stood for absolute and inspired truth." Tennyson and Ruskin "were the Gods of his idolatry." It was natural enough, then, that he should choose for treatment subjects similar to those of the Poet Laureate, and a manner not unlike his. There are verses in the first poem, "The Defence of Guenevere," that might almost have been written by the late Laureate. The following may be given as an example:

"Her voice was low at first, being full of tears,
But as it cleared it grew full loud and shrill,
Growing a windy shriek in all men's ears.
A ringing in their startled brains, until
She said that Gauwaine lied, then her voice sunk,
And her great eyes began again to fill."

The phrases "her voice was low at first," "it grew full loud and shrill," "a windy shriek," and "her great eyes began again to fill," are distinctly Tennysonian, and the fault that had to be found with the best of the later work of Morris is here apparent. We refer to its extreme wordiness. The poetry is gold, but it is beaten out so very, very thin that the line of it will hardly hold together. Of the second poem in the volume, "King Arthur's Tomb," someone said it was unintelligible, and that is perhaps the best verdict that can be passed upon it. Of "Rapunzel," with its "Guendolen! Guendolen! lend me your hair," it is enough to say that it is altogether in Rossetti's worst style.

In the "Tune of Seven Towers" we find this influence still more vividly exemplified:

"No one goes there now;
For what is left to fetch away
From the desolate battlements all arow,
And the lead roof heavy and grey?
'Therefore,' said fair Yoland of the flowers,
'This is the tune of Seven Towers.'

No one walks there now;
Except in the white moonlight
The white ghosts walk in a row;
If one could see it, an awful sight.
'Listen,' said fair Yoland of the flowers,
'This is the tune of the Seven Towers.'

Yet even in this early volume the poet found himself. If he had only been able to condense some of the pieces they would have been immortal. Take as illustration the song in "Golden Wings."

"The water slips
The red-billed moorhen dips
Sweet kisses on red lips;
Alas! the red rust grips,
And the blood-red dagger rips,
Yet, O knight, come to me!
Are not my blue eyes sweet?
The west wind from the wheat
Blows cold across my feet;
Is it not time to meet
Gold wings across the sea?"

In his later works Morris altogether disdained the paltry effects produced by the refrains in which Rossetti delighted. The burden when properly used is an exquisite adornment of poetry, but thrust in it becomes a defect. One can well imagine how it got into the simple folk-song of primitive times, how the mother crooning to her babe might instinctively, and, as it were, mechanically repeat the same phrase again and again, and here the refrain is inevitable.

But in those early poems the refrains of Morris were thrust in, as it were, with a spade, and at the best had only what may be described as a pretty pretty effect.

"If I were rich I would kiss her feet,
And the golden girdle of my sweet,
And thereabouts where the gold hem meets;
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.
Yet even now it is good to think,
While my few poor varlets grumble and drink
In my desolate hall, where the fires sink,—
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite."

Perhaps the greatest amount of instruction to be derived from these early attempts is to be found in tracing there the Morris that was to come. He was as he called himself, "the

idle dreamer of an idle day," nor do we quarrel with him for that. And still less do we find fault with his absolute sincerity. But as an artist he lacked two things—intensity and judgment, and they were equally lacking in his life and in his work. For example, his politics, over which eventually there was so much chatter, were not held with any stubborn intensity of conviction. In early days he was a Tory, chiefly because he thought it more artistic to be so; towards the end he professed a kind of rosewater Socialism. In England a man is sure of a following in politics if he can only utter opinions sufficiently distinguished for absence of common-sense. The great majority of our people think clearly and reasonably on political matters, but there is always a small crowd ready to cheer the bizarre and the eccentric; people who took Ruskin for a prophet of political economy as they had done Ibsen for a poet.

In the same way we can see in the poetry of Morris a want of the intensity and condensation which belongs to the very highest kind of verse, and which produces the fire that stimulates the human mind for centuries and the pathos that moves it. If we follow the long stream of "The Earthly Paradise" we seem always at the same level of excellence and accomplishment. Seldom do we come across a really bad line, and seldom still one of unsurpassable beauty. The river flows on perfectly still and even. And now as to the question of judgment that we raised. There are few literary critics of standing who will fail to admit that the old English used so freely by Morris in his later days was a mistake. In the first place, it was not the genuine article. Despite his acquaintance with Saxon literature, it may be said with confidence that he could not write the English of Malory. What he produced was only a more or less careful imitation of it, and the result was to perplex the reader needlessly.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BRITISH FORESTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged if you will kindly allow me to ask through your columns for the assistance of landowners, land agents, and foresters, and all others interested in woodlands, with regard to details concerning the available dimensions of individual trees, and the yield in timber per acre of tree crops. For individual trees the details desired are:

1. Total height of tree.
2. Height of stem up to first branch, and approximate length of bole.
3. Girth at breast height (4ft.), or at any other height specially mentioned, if breast height cannot fairly be taken.

For timber crops the information desired is:

1. Total quantity of timber (of each kind of tree) per acre, in square of quarter girth cubic contents, and stating if the timber is measured down to 6in. or 3in. diameter, and also if top and tip not reckoned as timber.
2. Age of crop.
3. Number of stems per acre forming final crop.
4. Average height and girth (at breast height) of the trees forming the final crop.
5. Soil and situation on which crop has been grown.
6. Any information which the owner may permit to be given as to the gross and net price received for the whole crop of wood.

My object in asking the above assistance is to try and obtain data (not otherwise available) regarding the growth of trees and timber crops in Great Britain and Ireland, so that in the new edition of "The Forester," now in course of preparation, some endeavour may be made to tabulate the results of timber-growing here for comparison with the yield tables showing the returns in continental forests. I would invite the co-operation of the members of the Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society, the English Arboricultural Society, and the Irish Forestry Society, in order that the new edition may all the better answer the requirements now felt for a practical text-book and comprehensive work of reference on British forestry, and become not merely (or mainly) a compilation from German works applying to economic conditions and woodlands entirely different from those in the United Kingdom.—JOHN NISBET.

MR. GATHORNE-HARDY'S NATURAL HISTORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of the 30th ult. I notice a review by A. E. Gathorne-Hardy of "An Angler's Year," and also of "Trout-Fishing." I can only deal with "Trout-Fishing," not having read Mr. Patterson's book. I have often read with pleasure Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's articles in *Badminton* and elsewhere, but I am confounded with the following erratic opinion, viz., "but Mr. Hodgson, who deals with trout-fishing only, cuts four months out," etc. Surely Mr. Gathorne-Hardy forgets that trout-fishing is prohibited during the four months Mr. Hodgson has left out. Would he like him to tell us how to poach? I doubt my brother lairds would be netting him rather smartly. Again, I think Mr. Gathorne-Hardy argues wrongly when he says, "Can it be that Mr. Hodgson really believes that the habitat of ptarmigan is fixed by their dread of man, and not by the presence of the food and shelter they require?" Ptarmigan are timid birds; it stands to reason that such shy game are in fear of all probable enemies. I find on my hills the ptarmigan are found generally on the highest peaks, on a shaly summit, all the year round, and therefore they are slightly more bitter than grouse to taste, feeding, as timid birds will do, far away from the haunts of men and verdure. As for dry and wet fly-fishing, we all, including Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, have much

to learn.—J. M. STEWART-MACDONALD, Monachyle, Perthshire.

[Mr. Stewart-Macdonald seems to have misunderstood Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's review. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy does not "forget that trout-fishing is prohibited" during the four months omitted by Mr. Hodgson. Mr. Stewart-Macdonald does not notice the context. "Both books have a direct reference to the calendar," in connection with which, as a statement of fact, and not as an adverse criticism, the omission of the four months is mentioned. The words "who deals with trout-fishing only" supply the reason for the omission, and are surely sufficiently intelligible. As to the habitat of ptarmigan, the reviewer would not dispute that on Mr. Stewart-Macdonald's hills, as in every locality which they frequent, "they are found on the highest peaks all the year round," but he does not believe that their habitat is fixed by the dread of man, and in this we fancy most naturalists will agree with him.—ED.]

A SIBERIAN ROEBUCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent (May 7th) may be interested to hear that the Siberian roedeer at Woburn are alive and flourishing, and have bred in the woods where they have been turned out for some years.—M. BEDFORD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice in your issue of May 7th a reproduction of a photograph of a Siberian roebuck, of which Mr. Baillie-Grohman says, "probably the only imported specimen now alive in England." It may interest your readers to know that this is happily not the case, as I have a pair alive at the present time in my park, and expect a fawn shortly.—WALTER WINANS.

[Mr. Baillie-Grohman obtained his information from the owner of the buck, who is away shooting. We are glad to hear that the Duchess of Bedford and Mr. Walter Winans both possess specimens.—ED.]

TOAD IN ROBIN'S NEST.

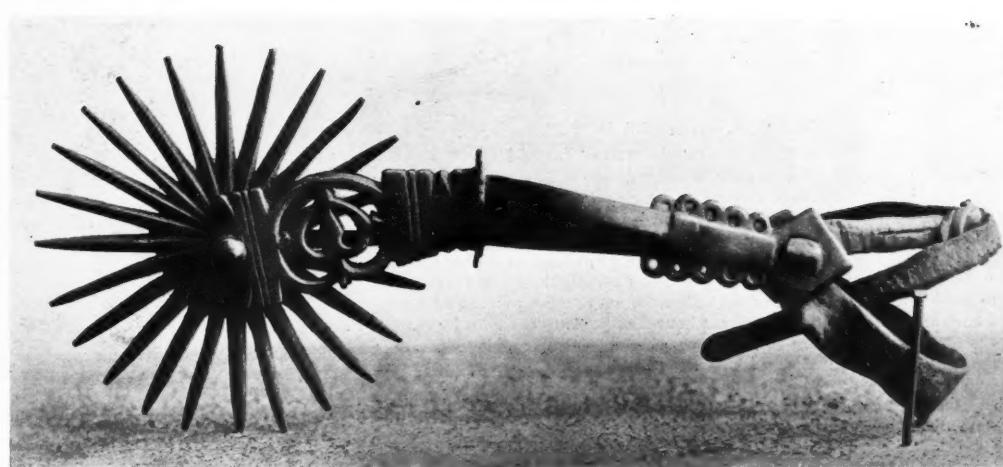
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to the letter which appeared in your issue of May 7th, your correspondent may be interested to know that some time ago I had a similar experience. On an estate near Carlisle I found a toad sitting on a robin's nest. There were no eggs in it, nor were there any remains. In all probability the toad had eaten them.—R. THOMPSON.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SPUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Permit me to express disappointment at the cessation (temporary, let it be hoped) of the very interesting articles on this topic given in COUNTRY LIFE. The last appeared in your issue (No. 379) of April 9th, with an illustration, among others, of a very handsome spur described as "probably the largest in existence"; the rowel is stated to be 7 in. in diameter. Will you



A VAQUERO'S SPUR.

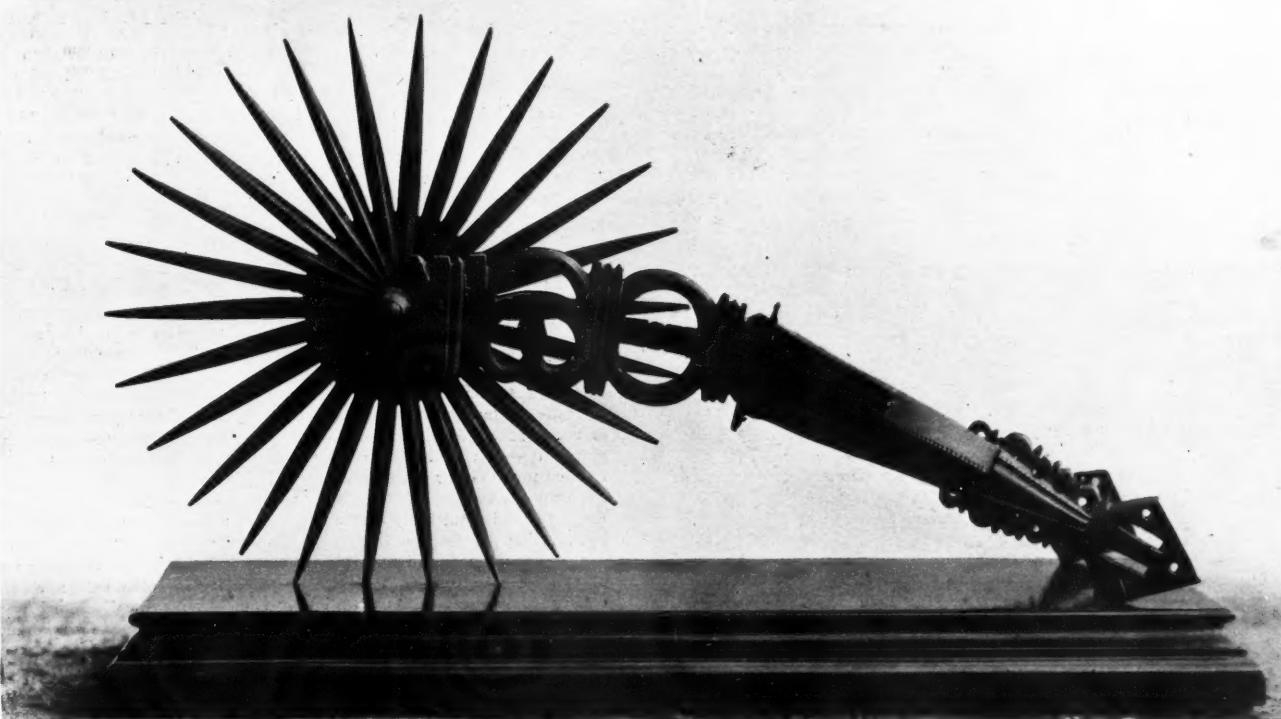
allow me to tender my contribution? Such spurs are not uncommon in Chile. The larger of the two photographs herewith is taken from one of a pair of beautiful Chilean spurs in the possession of Mr. A. M. Robinson, Lorne House, Birkenhead, at one time resident in Chile; but they were actually brought to this country by a predecessor of his in the year 1826. The photograph represents half the actual size, and it will be seen that the rowel is 7 in. in diameter, and, I may mention as a feature, has the sounding ring dear to the Chilean "jinete," or rider. Spurs of this size are seldom worn nowadays, except on high-days and holidays, but the smaller illustration herewith is taken from a pair brought by me from Chile years ago. The photograph is rather less than half-size; the actual diameter of the rowel is 5 in. It can be seen that this spur has been a good deal knocked about in use. It is of more or less the size customarily worn by the Chilean huazo and vaquero; it looks formidable, but in reality is not so cruel or irritating to the horse as the small sharp-pointed English spur. As used by a dexterous rider it is, in the better sense of the term, a "persuader."—GEORGE BROWNELL.

[Another article on "The Development of the Spur" will appear in our next issue.—ED.]

CAT AND DOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following story concerning a little dog of mine (a white Pomeranian) may interest some of your readers. This little dog travelled with us over 45,000 miles by sea, and many tales could be told of her most amusing adventures during that time, did space permit. When my husband's regiment was quartered in Jamaica we had several pets, one being a small black cat. One day the little cat had four kittens, and these I put into a basket and placed on a sofa in the drawing-room. This little attention appeared to please the mother, and she was quite contented and happy with her small family. At the usual hour the cat was called to her dinner, and on her return she found my little dog lying in the basket taking care of the kittens. For quite a minute she stood looking on in astonishment, and then jumped into the basket, when the little dog got out, but afterwards she would



CHILIAN SPUR, HALF THE ACTUAL SIZE.

never leave the kittens unless the dog came to take charge of them. When the kittens grew older and could run about, I often saw the little white dog carrying a black kitten in its mouth, taking it back to its basket for safety.—A. H.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following few country life items, which have come under my observation in recent days, may be of sufficient interest for your correspondence columns: 1. Frog in a Bonfire.—I was burning a lot of spring rubbish the other day, a considerable pile, some 6ft. in height and diameter. It had been burning freely, not to say fiercely, for at least an hour and a-half, and seemed glowing to the centre. As I was stirring the residue with a fork to make sure that nothing was left unburned, out of the very middle I turned a large frog—I cannot say alive, but he was still able to move his legs pretty vigorously. What a heat he must have endured! Is it possible that he may be the real original of the fabled Salamander? 2. Cock Robin Feeding Another.—On one of the last days of April I saw a cock robin catering for and feeding another as full-grown and with as red a breast as himself. I watched the performance for some time, and noticed that the bird which was fed occasionally fluttered his wings like a young bird, but otherwise his behaviour and motions were quite those of an old one. There are numbers of robins' nests in the vicinity, but I have seen none yet beyond the egg stage. Is the above case, then, to be considered as a bird of a very early brood of this year, or a last year's bird still not too proud to accept food from his father? 3. Starlings' Eggs in Sparrows' Nests.—In the trimming of the ivy on a house close by the other day, in two of the sparrows' nests found there was a starling's egg beside those of the sparrow. Is this reprehensible imitation of the cuckoo at all a common occurrence? 4. Ten Hares Playing Together.—No doubt hares at this season are more inclined to be gregarious than at other times; but surely it is unusual to see so many as ten in a flock. One morning I saw six, and the next there were ten in the same place—not scattered over the field, but all assembled apparently for company, and on friendly gambolling terms. 5. Wood-pigeons and Fieldfares.—I noticed both these birds in flocks the other day—about twenty of the former and a couple of hundred of the latter. Is this not contrary to custom in the breeding season? I must apologise for the length of this communication, but it is simply the fact of an accumulation of incidents that has stirred up the energy to write.—P. R. BAIRNSFATHER (LIEUTENANT-COLONEL), Kettins, Coupar Angus, N.B.

AN OLD GATEWAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your readers who take so much interest in old architecture will be glad to see the accompanying photograph. It represents a beautiful old gateway leading from the courtyard of Wardour Castle to the living part of the building. The style is Renaissance, and dates about 1560-80.—K.

IN OUR APPLE TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is very seldom that a bird will build in such an exposed place as that chosen by the missel-thrush seen in the accompanying photograph. The nest, which is in an apple tree, is only about 4ft. from the ground, and can be seen quite plainly from the garden gate. The croquet lawn, close at hand, is in continuous use, and people going to and from it must pass within a yard of the nest. The fact, however, does not disturb the bird in the slightest, and, as you see, even the presence of the camera failed to frighten her away.—G. T.

[It is true that the missel-thrush is not by any means a timid bird, but it is very seldom that a photographer has the good fortune to get near enough to obtain so fine and life-like a picture as the one shown here.—ED.]



WATER-SPANIEL AND BELGIAN HARES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to see the enclosed photograph which I took of my Irish water-spaniel, Ballywalter Avick, aged nine months. I am training him myself, and he is quite friendly with my young Belgian hares, and lets them jump on his back and play round him. If they think there is any danger, they at once run up to him for protection. I have kept Irish water-spaniels for some time, and I think there is hardly anything which they cannot be taught to do. Avick is full brother to my Irish water-spaniel which is going to the Queen, and I hope to show him, and others of the same litter, this month in Dublin. We have always found the breed to be

first-rate sporting dogs, and very easily trained. If you care to insert this in COUNTRY LIFE, I shall be very pleased. I think Irish water-spaniels deserve to be better known in England, and it is a mistake to think they are only useful in marshy ground.—N. L. F. DUNLEATH.

FOXES AND FLEAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following story was new to me until recently. A fox desirous of ridding himself of fleas, collected some dry moss in his mouth near a running stream, and then backed himself into the water. The fleas—and other vermin perhaps—forsaking the brush for higher quarters, gradually collected on Reynard's head, and then dropped into the dry moss. At the proper moment Reynard opened his mouth and allowed the moss, with its living freight, to float down stream. I have since hearing the story found several persons acquainted with this sagacious manoeuvre on the part of foxes to get rid of too troublesome friends.—J. HENRY HARRIS, Colona, Mevagissey, Cornwall.

OWL AND SQUIRREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last week while staying up in the Deeside Highlands I was shown a large hollow in a giant pine tree where a tawny owl is wont to nest every spring. On striking the tree with a stick I was greatly surprised to see a squirrel emerge from the hole, and upon inspection found that it had taken possession of the owl's nest and had its own nest inside the hollow. I may mention that besides the nest the hole contained many "lodgers" in the shape of hungry fleas! I wonder if any of your readers could state a similar occurrence, as I think it must be very unusual for a squirrel to have its "drey" in a hollow tree.—SETON P. GORDON.

[No, it is not unusual.—ED.]

THE DIGESTIBILITY OF MILK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest your correspondence about aerated milk. Why is the point so persistently missed? I want to know why analysts who write such reports—showing how admirably the milk is digested with imitations of human juices—do not live on the food themselves? If they believe, why do they not act? Now, if I were so genuinely convinced of the values of certain foods as to write such glowing reports on them, I should certainly, in my own interests, make them part of my own régime. An analysis is useful as a general guide; but when it is put forward—and it nearly always is—as a final and last word, and when the analyst has not himself lived on the foods for a reasonable time, I object very strongly. With regard to this particular kind of milk, in spite of the admirable analytical report, both my sister and myself (who have digestions not easily upset) experienced considerable discomfort after drinking samples; and some of the other samples of the milk and cream that I kept in London were unfit for use after a week or two. I may have had exceptional samples: very likely I did; but after this experience it would need a long personal trial and test before I should dare to recommend the company's goods. Before this experience I should not have dared to, either. I should have kept a discreet silence. It seems to me that what we need is not only an analysis, but also a series of reports of all the cases in which the food has been fairly tried, including a report of its effects upon the analyst himself. At present comparatively few analysts seem to have either the courage of their written convictions, or—might it not be so?—the genuine conviction itself.—EUSTACE MILES.